

GARLAND
of
ENGLISH PROSE AND POETRY

BOOK TWO

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Baroda.

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PREFACE

This book of selections from English Prose and Poetry is compiled for the use of pupils entering the High School stage of their studies.

The prose extracts are self-contained and possess a central interest of their own. The various extracts are selected with the object of creating a genuine taste and desire for the mastery of one of the most difficult of languages. We have made an attempt to introduce plenty of variety in form and matter. Biography, description, dialogue, fables, letters have all been included. Themes that are most likely to arouse the interest of Indian students have been particularly chosen—themes connected with the East in general, or with India in particular. Care has been taken to see that the thoughts, sentiments and language of the extracts are, as far as possible, within the comprehension of the pupils concerned. A brief note is put before each lesson to give the necessary information about the passage. Its chief aim is to bring out the central idea of the passage and to draw attention to its literary beauty. It is meant primarily for teachers. The notes at the end of the book are suggestive rather than exhaustive.

The poems chosen cover a wide field. They begin with Shakespeare and end with Walter De La Mare. Side by side will be found the representatives of the East, Tagore and Sarojini Naidu. We have endeavoured to provide variety of matter, variety of pleasure, variety of form. The fact that these selections of poems and prose extracts are meant for adolescent boys and girls has been uppermost in our minds.

The captions at the beginning of each poem are framed with the object of creating a suitable atmosphere for the study of the poem. They will guide the pupil to a fuller appreciation of the beauty of poetry. They are written specially for teachers.

T. K. N. Menon.

S. M. Wadia.

INTRODUCTION

It has been our experience that many of our teachers treat poems as if they are in no way different from prose passages. Poetry is essentially a thing to be felt, not argued about or explained. Poetry is not a means for supplying useful information, or grammatical examples, or serving any practical purpose. Its aim is "to make glad the heart of man." Teachers reduce poetry to a sort of drudgery when children are made to learn by heart meanings and allusions and other words. Such explanations, meanings, and other words defeat all higher aims. They drag the mind of children from the realm of imagination to everyday world of facts. Let us not make poetry a task and a burden.

Children have an instinctive appreciation of poetry. If teachers want children to think for themselves, imagination as well as reflection must be developed. Teachers should make more and more use of poetry to train children to admire and love what is beautiful in nature, art, literature. This habit of healthy recreation will be a source of great pleasure in their after life.

Good many teachers make a fatal mistake in forgetting that poetry was born of music and is a form of music. Its appeal is through the ear to the emotions. If the teacher does not enter into the spirit of the piece, but reads it through in a dull mechanical way with just the explanation of a word here and there, the lesson will not interest the children. He will probably create a dislike for poetry instead of a love for it.

The proper thing for the teacher to do is to read

a poem aloud in the class several times trying to convey the sense by the rhythm of the poem, and make children read aloud before trying to explain the meanings of words or phrases. To reveal poetry as melody and to help children to read it musically should be the first aim of teachers. Recitation is inevitable since music is the soul of poetry. In all good poetry the general sound of a poem corresponds with the mood in which it is written and which it is meant to communicate. Children should be taught to look for these general correspondence between mood and sound, for the full sonorous noisy words that tell of battle e.g.

“Cannon to right of them
Cannon to left of them
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and Thundered.”

for the long slow footed rhythm of grief and lamentation, e.g.

“On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.”

Tennyson, the master-artist has captured the music of the running brook in his famous poem ‘The Brook’. We hear the very echoes of the bubbling water in the following lines:

“I chatter over stony waves
In little sharps and trebles
I bubble into eddying bays
I babble on the pebbles.”

To attempt to paraphrase these lines is to miss the real charm of poetry and the magic of words. All poetry expresses some one’s feelings, and attempts to

awaken the same feelings in the heart of another. Poets open new windows in our souls. A teacher who enjoys poetry will make use of poems to awaken sympathy in the heart of children. By means of poems like "Stupidity Street" or "Auguries" teachers can awaken love of birds and animals in children. By means of a poem like "The Blind Boy" they can awaken the children's sympathy for their less fortunate brethren. Teachers should make use of poems to make children feel about more things, and to make them feel more about things, rather than as exercises in grammar and paraphrasing.

In the best poetry, as Arnold says, there is high truth and seriousness as well as beauty of language. We expect teachers to make use of poetry as a great character-former. Poetry expresses noble thoughts in noble language. Children must be made to commit to memory several hundred lines of poetry at this most impressive period of their life. These lines will serve as guiding principles throughout their life. There is a tendency these days to neglect recitation. Children should adorn the chamber walls of their mind with beautiful quotations as we adorn the walls of our drawing rooms with paintings and pictures. All the while a love for beautiful and noble poetry will be sinking into them. This will arouse in them literary sense. When they grow older, the lines which they learned and enjoyed in childhood will come home to them in their full meaning and help to interpret life for them and to console and sustain them. Let us teach poetry to children so that they learn to enjoy poetry, otherwise as Wordsworth says:

"Let us break off all commerce with the Muse."

—S. M. Wadia

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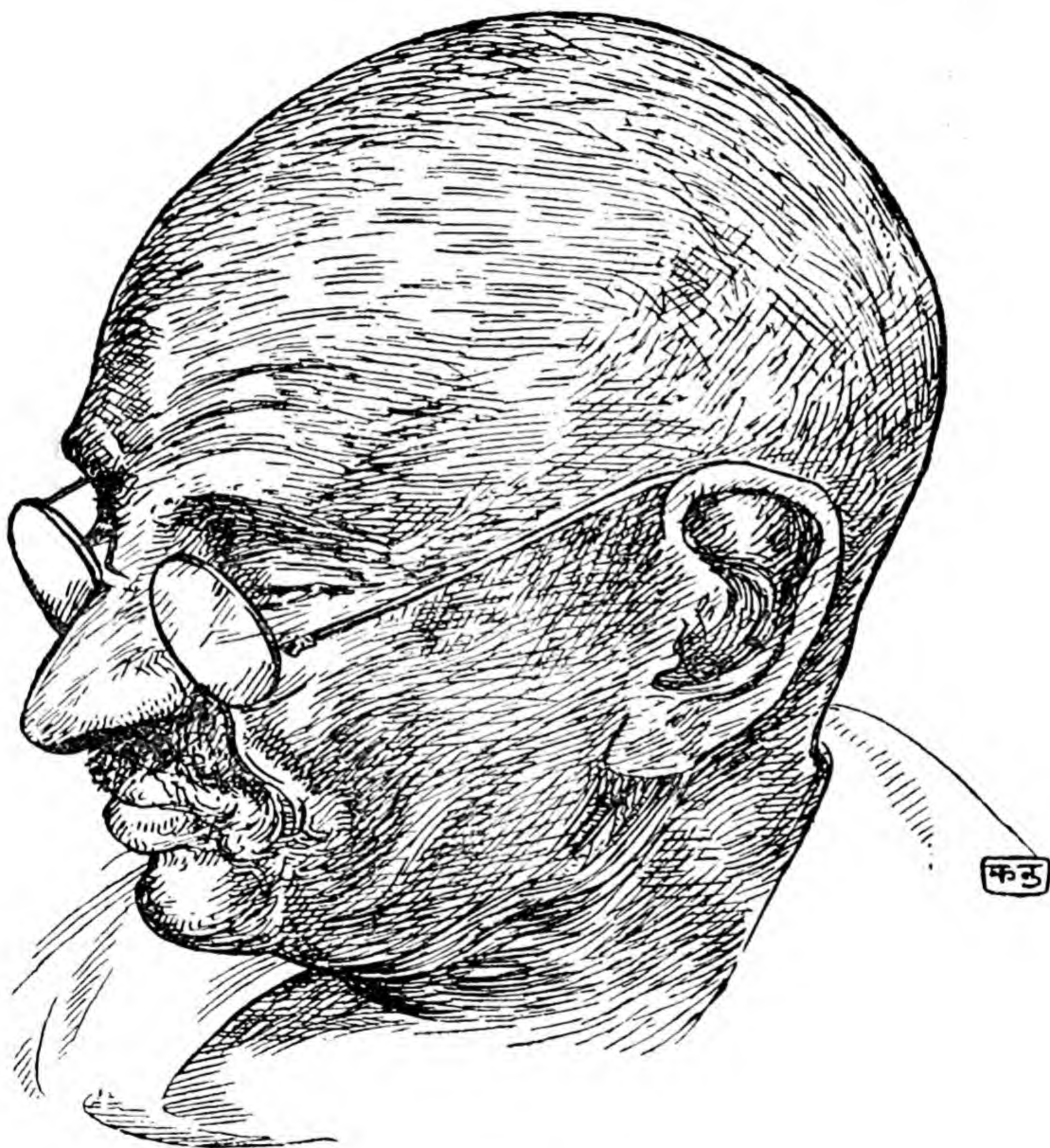
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Mahatma Gandhi

I

TO BLOSSOMS

[Robert Herrick, the writer of this charming song, was a clergyman who lived from 1591 to 1674. Many of his poems have true patriotic fire and are noted for sweetness and grace. Herrick is a poet of meadows and flowers. He is a lover of rural scenes and sights. 'To Blossoms' is as pretty a piece of work as the flowers it celebrates. The poet is touched by the loveliness of the flowers, but he is also aware of their imminent decay and death. The thought of the quick decay of flowers leads the poet to think of the transitoriness of human life which is as fragile as flowers, and doomed to as swift decay. It is a classic expression of Herrick's love of nature and shows his melancholy sense of transitoriness of earthly joys. The lyric with its mingled note of mirth and sadness has directness, vividness and simplicity.]

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought yeo forth
 Merely to show your worth
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

—Robert Herrick

II

MORNING

[John Milton (1608-1674) holds, next to Shakespeare, the highest position among English poets. As contrasted with Shakespeare, Milton is a scholar poet. He wrote his great epic poem *Paradise Lost* at the age of 64 when he was blind. *L'Allegro* (the joyous or happy man) and *Il Penseroso* (the contemplative or pensive man) are twin poems containing many lines and short descriptive passages which are known and loved wherever English is spoken. These lines are taken from *L'Allegro* which is like an excursion into the English fields at sunrise. The air is sweet, the birds are singing, a multitude of sights, sounds, fragrances fill all the senses. To this appeal of nature the soul of man responds by being happy. Here is beautiful description of early morning scenes, sights and sounds. It has pictorial beauty. The short lines linger in the ear like strains of music.]

(From *L'Allegro*)

To hear the lark begin its flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin ;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;

While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landskip round it measures :
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees.

—*John Milton*

III

HORATIUS

A Lay made about the year of the City CCCLX

[The best of Thomas Babington Macaulay's poetical work is found in the *Lays of Ancient Rome* (1842), a collection of ballads in the style of Scott, which sing of the old heroic days of the Roman republic. The ballad demands clearness, vigour, enthusiasm, action; and it suited Macaulay's genius perfectly. Macaulay's Horatius combines the spirit of the ancient minstrels with the regularity of construction and sweetness of versification which modern taste requires. The stirring martial spirit of these ballads, their fine workmanship, and their appeal to courage and patriotism make them instantly popular. One can scarcely read these ballads and keep lying down. Their chief merit is their absolute clearness and simplicity. The reader is deeply stirred by these lines and he feels as if he is an eye-witness to the various events that pass before his mind's eye like pictures in a cinema show. So vividly and so stirringly are the events described, that the reader actually sees "the line of blazing villages," "the rank behind rank of the Tuscan Army," the great Lord of Luna moving with his *stately* stride, the *dauntless* three on the path, and the *bloody* corpses on the earth. He sees the Fathers with the commons seizing hatchets, bars and crow, and smiting and loosening the props of the bridge. He sees the bridge itself "*hang tottering over the boiling tide.*" Not only do we see, but we hear the very sound of the timber cracking

*"With a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam."*

Not only does he see, not only does he hear the cries, but he feels the very excitement of the moment.

*"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the fathers all.*

*"Back Lartius! back Harminius!
Back ere the ruin fall!"*]

Lars Porsena of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it, *found* 5
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian, 10
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day, 15
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

now
They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess, 20
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly :
“The bridge must straight go down ;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town.” 25

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
“ Their van will be upon us 30
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ? ”

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate : 35
“To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers, 40
And the temples of his Gods ?

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play. 45
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ? ”

(Then Spurius Lartius, a proud Ramnian,
offered to stand on his right hand and strong
Herminius offered to stand on his left hand and
keep the bridge with him.)

“Horatius,” quoth the consul, 50
“As thou say’st, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel,
Spared neither land nor gold, 55
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The consul was the foremost man 60
To take in hand an axe :
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below. 65

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright 70
Of a broad sea of gold.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose :
And forth three chiefs came spurring 75
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

(Aunus, Seius, and Picus stepped out from
the Tuscan army and attacked the three Romans ;
and in an instant all the three were slain).

But now no sound of laughter 80
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.

Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array, 85
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
And lo ! the ranks divide :
And the great Lord of Luna 90
Comes with his stately stride.
He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high ;

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height, 95
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too
nigh : 100
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ; 105
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face :
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out 110
Behind the Tuscan's head.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three. 115
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair 120
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack :
But those behind cried "Forward !"
And those before cried "Back !" 125
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel ; 130
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering 135
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius !"
Loud cried the fathers all.
"Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall !" 140

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back :

And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces, 145
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam, 150
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, 155
And the broad flood behind.

“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.” 160

“Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day !”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed 165
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ; 170
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;

And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear, 175
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ; 180
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clappings,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate, 185
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night ; 190
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands upto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Couritium, 195
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold, 200
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

—Lord Macaulay
(Abridged)

IV

MY COUNTRY

[The song written in 1832 by an American clergyman named Samuel Francis Smith, has long been regarded as the national hymn of the American people. Though written for the American people, it has universal appeal, and can be sung with equal fervour by Indian boys and girls. It breathes the spirit of liberty and love of the land. It expresses in simple language the devotion and loyalty one feels for the land of his or her birth.]

My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native Country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And sing from all the trees—
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

—*Samuel Francis Smith*

V

PAST AND PRESENT

[Thomas Hood (1799-1845) is a poet of the new democracy. He is a serious writer with a vivid sense of the tragic side of human life—Such poems as the *Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs* exhibit a gift of dealing with human problems in a popular manner.

The poet recalls with regret the days of his happy innocent childhood. The poem suggests a contrast between the happy past (childhood) when our spirit was buoyant, cheerful, and as light as a feather, the happy past, when we believed that heaven was near us, and the unlucky present (age) when we are heavy with grief, when the painful consciousness of sin has thrown us, farther off from heaven. The simple credulity of childhood which made us believe that heaven was near us, has been replaced by the painfully cold conviction of age that it is really at an infinite distance. Happy ignorance of childhood is better than the cold wisdom of age.]

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the Sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirits flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky !
It was a childish ignorance ;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—*T. Hood*



VI

HOHENLINDEN

[Hohenlinden is one of the famous battle poems, written by Thomas Campbell. The great battle was fought in the year 1800. The French led by a great general named Moreau routed the Austrians. The drums beating at dead of night, the chargers neighing, the booming guns shaking the hills, the red artillery flashing, the sulphurous canopy, are so many vivid touches that make the poem one of the grandest battle pieces. "*Few Few shall part where many meet*" points out in a line the grim horror of war. It has the force of a proverb. The teacher will not fail to notice in this poem the general correspondence between mood and sound. Notice the full sonorous noisy words that tell of battle and tumult in stanzas fourth and seventh. Notice the long slow-footed rhythm of grief and lamentation in the first stanza. The stanza has a deep solemn tone of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago."]

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—*T. Campbell*

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VII

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

[Browning is regarded with Tennyson as one of the two most distinguished poets of the Victorian era. Most of the poems of Robert Browning are so packed with thought that they are not easy reading. The poem shows the devotion with which Napoleon Bonaparte, the great French conqueror, was served by his soldiers. It also shows the noble heroism ordinary men are capable of. In spite of the mortal wound received in the battle, a young soldier rides up to the Emperor to announce that the battle is won. Napoleon says "you are wounded". With a proud smile the soldier answers "I'm killed, Sire!" and falls dead at the emperor's feet. The poem is a dramatic lyric. The situation is revealed to us by flashes of light. The first stanza gives us a proper picture of Napoleon anxiously waiting for the news,—neck out-thrust, legs wide, arms locked, prone brow oppressive with its mind. The next moment the news arrives. Napoleon's hopes rise like mounting fire. The boy comes with break-neck speed. His breast is shot in two. By determination, almost superhuman, he holds himself together, just to break the news. The last stanza gives us a vivid glimpse of the boy smiling in death, and the proud emperor's eyes softening in pity. The style is direct, vivacious, dramatic. The common soldier, not Napoleon, is the hero of the poem.]

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day :
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, 'My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader, Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,'—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

VIII

THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE

[Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was a brave, cheery, whole-some spirit who has made us all braver and cheerier by what he has written. This poem is taken from his delightful volume of poetry, *A Child's Garden of Verses*. The unseen playmate is the spirit of eternal joy that is there in children—"Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed" as Gray puts it. Children shed tears which are soon forgotten. They have the sunshine of the breast. Stevenson almost makes us see this unseen playmate, the gentle spirit of happiness and of true childhood joy which makes each little boy or girl never feel lonely. These verses reveal the true genius of the master. His delicate understanding and deep love of children are clearly revealed in language which is simplicity itself. It is given to few men to be able to enter again the gates of childhood, once they are grown men. R. L. Stevenson could do it. He sees the world through the eyes of children; he feels their emotions as they pass through childhood.]

When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the
wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'Tis he that inhabits the caves that you dig;

'Tis he when you play with your soldiers of
tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never
can win.

'Tis he, when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble
your head ;
For wherever they're lying, in cupboard or
shelf,
'Tis he will take care of your playthings
himself !

—*R. L. Stevenson*

IX INVOCATION

[Shelley (1792-1822), the supreme lyrical genius of English literature, is the poet of longing and yearning. He is like a wanderer following a vague, beautiful vision, forever sad and forever unsatisfied. In this lovely lyric he appeals to the Spirit of Delight to come and dwell in his heart. It is a long time since the Spirit of Delight has left the poet. It scoffs at pain, and neglects just those afflicted hearts that need it most. The poet entreats the Spirit of Delight to make his heart its home, because he loves all that it loves. He loves *the fresh earth, the starry night, the golden morn, the radiant frost, and tranquil solitude*. He loves Love also, but above all things he loves the Spirit of Delight, because it is "love and life." The poem is a good illustration of Shelley's "unpremeditated art," i.e. effortless effort. The stanzas third and fourth remind us that Shelley loves the elements as if they were living things with a spirit to sympathise with his own.]

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight !
Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night ?
Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again ?
With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest
 And the starry night ;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good ;
 Between thee and me
What diff'rence ? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life ! O come !
Make once more my heart thy home !

—*P. B. Shelley*

X

FIDELE

[Shakespeare's plays contain songs which are remarkable both for their intrinsic beauty and their dramatic significance. This is the dirge or song of mourning over the boy Fidele (Imogen) in Cymbeline. Death is a great leveller. The great and the small, the king and the peasant, the victor and the victim, the learned and the ignorant—all are ultimately reduced to dust. Those that are dead are happily exempt from all worries and ills of life. Thus most profound truths of human life are conveyed by Shakespeare in songs of ethereal grace and rare melody. It is impossible to read these songs without being impressed at once by their charming simplicity, spontaneity and universality of sentiment. Milton perhaps was referring to these songs when he wrote

*"Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child
Warble his native woodnotes wild."*]

Fear no more the heat o' the sun

Nor the furious winter's rages ; *from heat & pain*
Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ; *a usual & universal rule*
Care no more to clothe and eat ;

To thee the reed is as the oak ;
The sceptre, learning, physic must *Physicians*
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash

Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ; *blame*

Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

—W. Shakespeare

not for the age

XI

HAPPY INSENSIBILITY

[Keats's life of devotion to beauty and to poetry is all the more remarkable in view of his lowly origin and short life. Keats was born in a stable in London in 1795 and died of consumption in 1821. At twenty-five his work was as mature as was Tennyson's at fifty. To Keats "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty." To him "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." His sensitiveness to the beauties of colour, of sound, of touch, and his power of reproducing such sensations give his poetry its sensuous luxuriance. There is besides a touch of pessimism in all his poems. The poet contrasts in this poem the lot of man, who looks before and after, with the happy insensibility of the tree and the brook to the glories of the past. Their past is unsighed for their future sure. The repeated feminine rhymes (*December, remember; forgetting, fretting*) add to the sweetness of the melody. The rhyming of the last line in each stanza gives unity to the whole. Notice the concentration of a picture and its emotional suggestions in a phrase—"green felicity."]

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy !
But where there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy ?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it
Nor numbed sense to steal it—
Was never said in rhyme.

—*J. Keats*

XII

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

[For nearly half a century Tennyson (1809-1892) was not only a man and a poet ; he was a voice, the voice of a whole people expressing in exquisite melody their doubts and their faith, their griefs and their triumphs. In the wonderful variety of his verse he suggests all the qualities of England's greatest poets. The Charge of the Light Brigade took place at the battle of Balaclava on October 25, 1854 in the war with Russia. It was the result of a mistaken order from a commanding officer, and in twenty-five minutes, more than two-thirds of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Lord Tennyson in this famous poem has given deathless fame to the brave soldiers who rode "into the jaws of death" in obedience to the command. It is a noble embodiment of the stern sense of military discipline—"Theirs but to do and die." The poem is a good example of sustained sound-writing. We hear the horses canter—and then gallop

half-a-league/half-a-league/half-a-league

all-in-the/Valley-of-death/

Rode-the-six/hundred/

We hear the roar of cannons and the confused hurly burly of battle in the tremendous dactyl

Cannon-to/right of them/Cannon to left of them/

Cannon in/front of them/Volleyed and/thundered/

And then we hear the halting retreat of tired and wounded horses in the halting lines

Then they rode/back but not/

Not the Six/hundred/

The repetition of the 'Not' is almost the whole secret of the drag in these two lines.]

I

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

All in the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade !

Charge for the guns !" he said ;

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

II

“Forward, the Light Brigade ! ”
Was there a man dismay'd ?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
 Some one had blunder'd :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

III

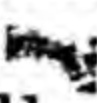
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.

Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell, 
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

—*A. Tennyson*

XIII

SOLITARY REAPER.

[Of all the poets who have written about nature, there is none that compares with William Wordsworth (1770-1850) in the truthfulness of his representation. No other poet found such abundant beauty in the common world. Wordsworth opens out the soul of little and familiar things. While on tour in Scotland Wordsworth passed a highland girl reaping alone. She sang as she bended over her sickle. Her song was tenderly melancholy and kept ringing in his ears long after it was heard no more. The poem is remarkable for its perfection of simple grace, most pleasing. The haunting melody and dreamy suggestiveness of lines 9-12 are remarkable. The two similes in the poem are strikingly apt. There is extreme simplicity of thought, manner, diction, and yet it holds us spell-bound. The lines "*Old unhappy far off things and battles long ago*" and "*Breaking the silence of the seas*" have magical quality of phrasing. They suggest to us much more than they say. The poem is not only the glory of Wordsworth, but the glory of English poetry.]

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some mere humble lay,
Familiar matter of today ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

Lo 77

—William Wordsworth.

XIV

WISHING

[This poem is written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, an American Poetess. She has written many charming poems which are appreciated by young and old alike. There is wholesome advice in these verses. No amount of wishing will avail us anything if our wishes are not followed up by serious endeavour. The world will indeed be a better, wiser, happier place, if every boy and girl "rid their mind of selfish motives", "live to learn and learn to live", and "scatter seeds of kindness as they pass along the way."]

Do you wish the world were better ?

Let me tell you what to do :

Set a watch upon your actions,

Keep them always straight and true ;

Rid your mind of selfish motives,

Let your thoughts be clean and high.

You can make a little Eden

Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser ?

Well, suppose you make a start,

By accumulating wisdom

In the scrap book of your heart.

Do not waste one page on folly ;

Live to learn and learn to live.

If you want to give men knowledge,

You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy ?

Then remember day by day

Just to scatter seeds of kindness

As you pass along the way ;

For the pleasures of the many

May be oft times traced to one,

As the hand that plants an acorn,

Shelters armies from the sun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

XV

ALL THINGS SHALL PASS AWAY !

[This poem was written by an American poet Theodore Tilton. If we read it carefully we shall find that it is written with great skill and effect. The poet begins by making us feel with the Persian King how vain are the pleasures of this world,—wealth, beauties, fame, since death will claim them all. At the end he restores us to hope, by reminding us that death itself will pass away, and the new life beyond this life of ours will then begin.]

ONCE in Persia ruled a King,
Who upon his signet ring
'Graved a motto true and wise,
Which, when held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for any change or chance.
Solemn words, and these were they :
"Even this shall pass away."
Trains of camel through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand ;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to rival these.
Yet he counted little gain
Treasures of the mine or main.
"Wealth may come, but not to stay ;
Even this shall pass away ."
'Mid the revels of his court,
In the zenith of his sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried : "Oh, precious friends of mine,
Pleasures come, but not to stay—
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue grand in stone ;
And the King, disguised, unknown,
Gazing on his sculptured name,
Asked himself : "And what is fame ?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Standing at the gates of gold,
Spoke he thus in dying breath :
"Life is done, and what is death ?"
Then, in answer to the King,
Fell a sunbeam on the ring,
Answering, with its heavenly ray :
"Even death shall pass away."

—*Theodore Tilton*

XVI

THE LOTUS

[Toru Dutt (1856-1877) was an eminent Indian poetess. She died at a very early age. She was the first Indian to achieve reputation in English verse. She spent her early years in England and France, studying the literatures of those countries. In most of her poems she sought to interpret the East to the West. She will be remembered by her *Ancient Ballads & Legends of Hindustan* in which she reveals the soul of India to the Western World. This sonnet is a charming tribute to the lotus flower which often appears in Indian mythology, in terms which are derived from Greek mythology, The God of love appealed to the queen of flower to give him a flower that would combine the beauty of the rose with the grace of the lily, and Flora gave him the lotus; rose-red and lily-white, the queenliest flower that blows! Toru Dutt's style has a grace all its own. One cannot but notice the smooth versification, the fluency and ease of her manner.]

Love came to Flora asking for a flower
 That would of flowers be undisputed queen.
 The lily and the rose, long, long, had been
 Rivals for that high honour. Bards of power
 Had sung their claims. 'The rose can never
 tower
 Like the pale lily with her Juno mien.'—
 'But is the lily lovelier?' Thus between
 Flower-factions rang the strife in Psyche's
 bower.
 'Give me a flower delicious as the rose
 And stately as the lily in her pride'—
 'But of what colour?'—'Rose-Red,' Love
 first chose,
 Then prayed,—'No, lily-white,—or both
 provide';
 And Flora gave the lotus, 'rose-red' dyed,
 And 'lily-white,'—the queenliest flower that
 blows.

—Toru Dutt.

XVII

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

[Charles Lamb is one of the most loveable characters in the whole history of English literature. He was not a famous poet. His fame rests chiefly on his charming essays, *Essays of Elia*—those lyrics in prose. This poem, "Lamb's happy inspiration" as Herford calls it, is a sighing regret for the old familiar faces that are dead and gone. The poem has an autobiographical interest. Certain lines at the beginning refer directly to his mother who died prematurely in tragic circumstances. There is reference in lines 10 and 11 to Coleridge the friend whom he had so nearly thrown away in a moment of pique. The sentiment which these lines convey is human, universal. Looking in vain for the old familiar faces when one has lived through the long years, lingering after one's friends have all departed, is indeed a pathetic situation. Notice the irregular rhythm intentionally adopted to reflect a frame of mind rendered careless by grief.]

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-
days ;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom
cronies ;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly :
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my
childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why ~~were~~ not thou born in my father's
dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have
left me
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

—C. Lamb

XVIII

TARTARY

[Walter de la Mare (born in 1873) is a poet of dreams of fairy lands, and of childhood. His poetry, more than any since Coleridge, has the elusive quality of magic. Beauty for him is always touched with a wistful sadness. His rich imagination is extremely sensitive to the beauty of colour and light and sound. This poem is a play upon the word "if". The unhappiest beings on earth have always the refuge of their own imaginary world. The poet's Tartary full of colour, sound and light is not to be found in Geography books. It is in the poet's heart. It is a beautiful imaginative escape from the modern world of chimney smoke, heavy vehicular traffic, and congested towns of dirt and squalor, to the old old world of Tartary with its ivory bed, peacock feathers and robes of beads. He uses just those inevitable words which convey his poetical fancies. Note the rich suggestive beauty in the epithets—*flashing stars, scented breeze, trembling lakes, birds—delighting. citron trees. Trumpeters, flutes, robes of beads, and evening lamps* give to the poem its atmosphere of luxury. Walter de la Mare has an unerring instinct for words that make music to the ear, and the images he employs have the beauty and freshness of a dream.]

If I were Lord of Tartary,
 Myself and me alone,
 My bed should be of ivory,
 Of beaten gold my throne ;
 And in my court would peacocks flaunt,
 And in my forests tigers haunt,
 And in my pools great fishes slant
 Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
 Trumpeters every day
 To every meal would summon me,
 And in my courtyard bray ;
 And in the evening lamps would shine,
 Yellow as honey, red as wine,
 While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
 Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And clustered thick as seeds :
And ere should wane the morning star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale !
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale !
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale !

—*Walter de la Mare*

XIX

JAFFAR

(Leigh Hunt (1784-1859), essayist and poet, was remarkable for the large number of story poems he wrote for children. The famous Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun Al Raschid very unjustly put to death his good Vazier Jaffar who was the friend of the poor. Haroun Al Raschid was so afraid of public opinion that he forbade the mention of Jaffar's name by any one on pain of death. The brave Mondeer could not forget the debt he owed to Jaffar. His noble nature refused to obey the lawless law of the Caliph. He defied the order and publicly spoke to all of Jaffar's good deeds. He pointed out how Jaffar helped him when he was in distress, how Jaffar brought him back to the path of duty, how Jaffar saved him from shame, how Jaffar treated him as an equal, though he was so humble. Mondeer was brought before the Caliph. He was not afraid of death. To him ingratitude was worse than death. Far from being afraid, he praised Jaffar to his face. The Caliph who saw the dauntless courage of this man, saw the futility of punishing him. He therefore tried to bribe Mondeer with a valuable Tartar diamond. Jaffar took it and holding it high towards the heavens exclaimed "*This too, I owe to thee, Jaffar.*")]

Jaffàr, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a
peer,

Jaff'ar was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;
And guilty Hàroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of
death.—

All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud
to show

How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief,
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),

Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and
there
Harrangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffàr.

‘Bring me this man,’ the Caliph cried.
The man
Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes
began
To bind his arms. ‘Welcome, brave cords,’
cried he ;
‘From bonds far worse Jaffàr delivered me ;
From wants, from shames, from loveless
household fears ;
Made a man’s eyes friends with delicious
tears ;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaff’ar? ’

Hàroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of
fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, ‘Let worth grow frenzied, if it will ;
The Caliph’s judgment shall be master still.
Go : and since gifts so move thee, take this
gem,
The richest in the Tartar’s diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit.’

‘ Gifts ! ’ Cried the friend. He took ; and
holding it

High towards the heavens, as though to meet
his star,
Exclaimed, 'This too I owe to thee, Jaffàr.'

—*Leigh Hunt*

XX

TUKARAM

[Tukaram, the poet-saint of Maharashtra born in 1608, is still the popular poet of the Deccan. His songs are still chanted with rapture by high and low. Shivaji, the great Maratha King, was fond of Tukaram and asked him to be his spiritual and political adviser. Tukaram suggested that Ramdas was a better person than he to advise the king. This is a translation of one of the songs of Tukaram by Mary Dobson. All service ranks the same with God—the Raja and the beggar-lad are the same to Him. While man is dazzled by outer pomp and show, by rank, and title, God looks upon man's innate worth, the nobility of his mind and heart.]

SPAKE Tukaram : “Let all men know,
With God is neither high nor low :

The one who doth in faith draw near
Shall see His glory, without fear.”

Thus Tukaram : but, as for me,
I wondered much how this could be !

5

The Raja, in his scarlet clad,
The little, dirty beggar-lad,

The coolie, struggling with his load,
The rich man, riding on the road,—

10

And will God bless these all the same
If they but call upon His name ?

But, as I thought, I understood,
For God is love, and God is good ;

And, while man sees the outward part,
God looks upon and knows the heart !

15

—*Mary Dobson.*

XXI

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

[Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774) is one of the lovable figures in the history of English literature. "He touched nothing that he did not adorn," said Dr. Johnson. This extract is taken from his famous poem, the *Deserted Village* (1770). The poem is full of natural elegance, simplicity and pathos. Mahatma Gandhi often pointed out to us the mad folly of destroying villages and raising big factory towns. Goldsmith gives expression to the same idea in these lines. To him, as to Gandhiji, "a bold peasantry is country's pride." The lines reveal the tenderness of his heart, and the sweetness and finish of his versification.]

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light Labour spread her wholesome
store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
His best companions, Innocence and Health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd : Trade's unfeeling
train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.

Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
 scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

—*O. Goldsmith*

XXII

THE CALL TO EVENING PRAYER

[Mrs. Sarojini Naidu (born in 1879) is one of the most celebrated of Indians poets. She began to write poetry at a very early age. Her poems are published in three volumes—The Golden Threshold, The Broken Wing and The Bird of Time. Her lyrics are widely known and very popular. Her poems are distinctly oriental in matter and manner and have thus a peculiar charm for Indian readers. Besides being a poetess, Mrs. Naidu is an eloquent champion of women's rights and a valiant fighter in India's struggle for freedom. She is at present the Governor of the United Provinces.]

The Call to Evening Prayer vividly points out the essential unity that is there in the important religions of the world. The God of Hindus, the Christians, the Muslims and the Parsis is the same by whatever name we call Him. The charm of the poem lies in the fact, that the poetess has succeeded in creating the very atmosphere of the Church, the Fire-Temple, and the Mosque, by using words appropriate to each of these places of worship. *The muezzins calling, the vespers ringing, the quenchless blue torches glowing, and the Brahmin voices in rapt adoration*, present before our mind's eye picturesque images associated with different faiths. For an Indian writing in English, this Nightingale of India as she is lovingly called, has a fine sense of music. The music in the lines

"From mosque and minar, the muezzins are calling."

Swiftly the shadows of sunset are falling.

will be apparent even to a most casual reader.]

Allah ho Akbar ! Allah ho Akbar !

From mosque and minar the muezzins are
calling ;

Pour forth your praises, O Chosen of Islam ;
Swiftly the shadows of sunset are falling :

Allah ho Akbar ! Allah ho Akbar !

Ave Maria ! Ave Maria !

Devoutly the priests at the altars are singing ;

O ye who worship the son of the Virgin,
Make your orisons, the vespers are ringing :
Ave Maria ! Ave Maria !

Ahura Mazda ! Ahura Mazda !
How the sonorous Avesta is flowing !
Ye, who to Flame and the light make obeis-
ance,
Bend low where the quenchless blue torches
are glowing :
Ahura Mazda ! Ahura Mazda !

Naray'yana ! Naray'yana !
Hark to the ageless, divine invocation !
Lift up your hands, O ye children of Brahma,
Lift up your voices in rapt adoration :
Naray'yana ! Naray'yana !

—*Sarojini Naidu*

XXIII

JANA GANA MANA

[There have been few personalities who have inspired our country men with the spirit of nationalism as Rabindranath Tagore has done. He was the only literary man, who discarded a knighthood after accepting it. This act of renunciation is not only a testimony to his pure and unostentatious patriotism but to his sturdy independence of outlook. Rabindranath Tagore was a passionate singer of love for the motherland. His songs have filled the nation with a new life. He has woven into his songs the dreams of new nationalism. His patriotism, as will be seen from this song, is not of the cheap, vulgar type that is based on racial arrogance. His patriotism is based on true love and devotion to the motherland, on cultural heritage, self-realisation. On this higher type of nationalism Tagore wanted to build the structure of internationalism. India's national song has yet to be written, but this devotional song of Tagore has almost become a national song of India. The poem is an address to the Dispenser of India's destiny, and calls upon Hindus, Jains, Parsis, Sikhs, Muslims and Christians to weave in a garland of love. Tagore was a supreme prophet who had the forevision of a glorious country and the brotherhood of an emancipated world. His intense love for his country, and her people, and his deep appreciation of her ancient civilization breathe through almost every line of this song. He looks forward to the opening of a new chapter in the history of this country when the spirit of service, sacrifice and brotherhood will rule the land. The original song must be sung in order to enjoy its full significance.]

Thou art the ruler of the minds of all people,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny.
Thy name rouses the hearts
of the Punjab, Sind, Gujarat and Maratha,
of Dravid, Orissa and Bengal.
It echoes in the hills of the Vindhya and
Himalayas,
mingles in the music of Jumna and Ganges,
and is chanted by the waves of the Indian Sea.
They pray for thy blessings and sing thy
praise,

Thou Dispenser of Indian's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

Day and night, thy voice goes out from land
to land,
calling Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs and Jains
round thy throne,
and Parsees, Mussalmans and Christians.
Offerings are brought to thy shrine by the
East and the West
to be woven in a garland of love.
Thou bringest the hearts of all peoples into
the harmony of one life,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

Eternal Charioteer, thou drivest man's
history
along the road rugged with rises and falls of
Nations.
Amidst all tribulations and terror
thy trumpet sounds to hearten those that
despair and droop,
and guide all people in their paths of peril
and pilgrimage.
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

When the long dreary night was dense with
gloom
and the country lay still in a stupor,
thy Mother's arms held her,
thy wakeful eyes bent upon her face,
till she was rescued from the dark evil dreams

that oppressed her spirit,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

The night dawns, the sun rises in the East,
the birds sing, the morning breeze brings a
stir of new life.

Touched by golden rays of thy love
India wakes up and bends her head at thy
feet.

Thou King of all Kings,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

—*Rabindranath Tagore*

I

GANDHIJI AND PUNCTUALITY

[G. Ramachandran is well-known as an authentic interpreter of Gandhian thought. He has collected a Sheaf of Gandhi anecdotes which should appeal to all boys and girls. The author has selected some of the important incidents from the life of the Father of Indian Independence and narrated them in a language that is simple and attractive. There is sincerity in each word as the author was the inmate of Satyagraha Ashrama at Sabarmati. He has also worked under Gandhiji in the fields of Khaddar, Harijan and Nai Talim Service. His Excellency C. Rajgopalachari says, "Gandhiji is surrounded by admirers but not all of them have a sense of humour and the capacity to write for modern readers who have stomachs only for light fare." This anecdote tells us how Gandhiji dodged an unruly crowd at Chidambaram and made good his escape in order to keep an engagement. We all know that Gandhiji and his watch are inseparable companions. Punctuality with him ranked high among the virtues, it should also rank high with us.]

It was once in Chidambaram that Gandhiji dodged an unruly crowd and made good his escape in order to keep an engagement. In a sense crowds have been the curse of Gandhiji's life. They have never allowed him peace. They follow some remorseless law of motion, of gravitation towards him, the moment they catch sight of him. Gandhiji has had some hair-breadth escapes from enthusiastic but frantic crowds who in their eagerness to gaze on him and do him honour would have all but trampled him to death.

It was altogether a bad day at Chidambaram. Gandhiji was driving to the Annamalai University, where he was to address the University Union. Seated by his side in the car was Dr. T. S. S. Rajan. Half a mile or so from the University, a dense crowd had collected in one of the town's narrow streets, await-

ing Gandhiji's car. There were two other cars following close behind with the other members of the party. The crowd held up Gandhiji's car. Gandhiji asked what the matter was. The spokesman for the crowd came up to explain. He and his friends had planned a feast at which high-caste Brahmins would sit with the Harijans. The feast, arranged in honour of Gandhiji's visit to Chidambaram, was even then in progress in a big pandal built specially for the purpose, just a stone's throw away. They pleaded with Gandhiji to alight for a moment, just to look in at the dinner. Gandhiji turned to Dr. Rajan and asked when they were due at the University. Dr. Rajan answered that they had only another ten minutes left. Gandhiji inquired whether this dinner was included in his programme for the day, and learnt that it was not. Gandhiji requested Dr. Rajan to explain to the crowd that he had an engagement to keep in the next ten minutes and that his interruption was an unauthorised item. But the crowd would accept no excuses, and insisted on Gandhiji's alighting if only for a minute. Dr. Rajan got into a lively argument with the crowd. Gandhiji who had sized up the temper of the crowd, meanwhile quietly slipped out of the car by the other door to make a dash for the University building. For the moment the crowd did not realise what was happening. They were having it out with Dr. Rajan, who they thought was the real culprit. That was Gandhiji's chance. He soon managed to get clear of the crowd. One of the cars behind shot forward, picked him up and sped him towards the University. The crowd then saw their bird escaping and surged forward, shouting the ac-

customed slogan 'Mahatma Gandhi-ki-Jai.' But the car that had picked up Gandhiji had got clear. Gandhiji looked back and waved his hands like a merry school boy who had escaped from some tight corner. But the last he saw of Dr. Rajan was not a very edifying spectacle from the point view of non-violence. The crowd was venting its wrath on Dr. Rajan, who had to make vigorous use of his fists to extricate from an infuriated mob! Gandhiji had no time to adjudicate between the claims of violence and non-violence. He drove away in a cloud of dust. He was not more than a minute late at the meeting of the University Union. The first words he uttered were of apology for the delay.

Gandhiji and his watch are inseparable companions. Punctuality with him ranks high among the virtues.

—G. Ramachandran.

II

THE HEROIC QUEEN OF BIJAPUR—Part I

[Chand Bibi, daughter of Sultan of Ahmednagar was appointed by her husband, Ali Adil Shah, as Queen Regent, after his death. She discharged her duties as Regent with wisdom and courage. Though she was popular with the army and the ministers, she was involved in the troubles that beset the State of Ahmednagar. Prince Murad, the son of the Emperor, Shah Jehan, invaded Ahmednagar in 1595. The story describes the Siege of Ahmednagar.]

Turnbull says, "by her qualities of courage, truth and honour she achieved one of its—(India's)—most Golden Deeds." Oriental splendour of Chand Bibi's Court—rich furnishings of the spacious room, gilded minarets of the mosques, maulvi expounding the sacred books, her light veil about her face, etc.—has enriched Turnbull's prose. The character of the heroic queen is described in words that have a telling effect. She was not merely a diplomat and statesman but an accomplished lady who adorned the court. The Siege of Ahmednagar brings out the qualities of that brave heart.]

Chand Bibi, dowager queen of Bijapur, sat in the royal palace surrounded by her maidens. As they busily plied their needles, threaded with gold or silver, on long strips of bright embroidery, she read aloud to them, in a rich clear voice, stories of chivalry and romance.

At her feet nestled Zora, the girl wife of Chand Bibi's adopted son Abbas Khan.

All was happiness and peace, and as the queen paused for a moment in her reading, and let her eyes travel from the dainty forms of the girls to the rich furnishings of the spacious room, and thence to the open window, through which could be seen the gilded minarets of the mosques, she drew a sigh of pleasure,

for hers had hitherto been a hard and exacting life, and it was sweet to rest.

"Why do you sigh, dearest lady?" inquired Zora, looking up into Chand Bibi's beautiful face a little anxiously, and all the maidens glanced at their royal mistress, their bright eyes searching for the reason of her pensiveness. *thoughtfulness*

"Did I sigh?" replied the queen, smiling gaily. "If I did, it was not a sign of sadness, dear child. Indeed, I was thinking how pleasantly my days are passed in congenial work and recreation. It was not always thus with me"—and she raised her delicate hand; she looked at it as she added, "This hand has wielded a sword such as only a strong man might lift, but it would rather ply a needle."

All the girls listened eagerly to Chand Bibi's words, for they knew she was as skilled in the arts of war, as she was versed in those of peace. It was common knowledge that no cavalry leader could rival her in horsemanship, no minstrel play or sing more sweetly, no wily minister outwit her in diplomacy, no *maulvi* expound the learned books more clearly, and yet there she sat, a woman of delicate build, whose soft beauty was not marred by one stern or wilful line. *made up*

The queen resumed her reading and the girls bent over their work once more. There was nothing in the scene to cause anyone to think that this peaceful hour would end differently from many another of its kind. //

Suddenly there arose in the courtyard below a sound of bustle and movement, and voices were raised

away

in haughty dispute. Above the clamour the words could be heard, "To the queen! This business permits of no delay;" then more words and the tramping of many feet mingled with the rattling of horses' bits. In a moment Zora was on her feet, and running to the window peeped between the curtains. "There are a hundred or more horsemen below," she said; "what brings them here?"

Drawing her light veil above her face, the queen laid aside her book, and looking meaningly at Zora, said quietly, "It would seem that our pleasant reading is over for the time. Ladies, you may withdraw until I require your presence!"

The maidens rose at once and with graceful obeisances withdrew to an inner chamber. Zora alone lingered, saying fearfully, "Let me remain with you, dear mother. No idle curiosity prompts this request, but fear for your safety possesses my heart."

"Nay, Zora, my pretty one, do not tremble so," replied Chand Bibi tenderly. "Are there not a hundred loyal hearts beating for me in the palace? Come, follow your companions, and remember that you are a soldier's wife!"

Thus gently rebuked, Zora raised her head and, looking at the queen bravely and lovingly, withdrew.

Scarcely had her bright draperies disappeared through the door when a servant stood before Chand Bibi and, *salaaming* deeply, informed her that an envoy from Ahmednagar, accompanied by mounted escort, had arrived, and that the envoy craved immediate audience of the queen dowager.

No shadow of concern passed over the calm face of Chand Bibi.

"See to it that every hospitable attention is shown towards our guest," she commanded, "and inform Prince Abbas Khan that I desire his presence immediately."

The servant withdrew, and almost at once returned, followed closely by Abbas Khan, whose handsome countenance showed traces of deep excitement and some concern. These signs were not lost upon the queen.

"Have you come to tell me that my armour is growing rusty for lack of use?" she asked lightly.

"Ah, just not, dear mother," replied Abbas Khan with emotion. "There is bitter strife in Ahmednagar; each party wishes to place its own candidate on the vacant throne. Fast and furious rage the quarrels between the different factions, and, to complicate matters, Prince Murad awaits his chance to pounce upon the hapless fort like some bird of prey. Divided in her midst, how can Ahmednagar defend herself against the Mogul armies?"

"And so they come to me," said the queen slowly; "ah, my poor country!" and to hide the sorrow of her thoughts, she walked towards the window and gazed across towards the distant hills, as if she were trying to see beyond them to her native place. When she turned, her look had regained its usual bright firmness and she continued, "If Ahmednagar has need of me, to Ahmednagar I will go; nay, dissuade me not, Abbas Khan; you know my temper well enough to know that danger means nothing to one so used to

it; but tell me, you who are dear to me as a dearly loved son, if I go forth to champion the cause of right, will you accompany me?

Then Abbas Khan drew his noble form to its full height, and placing his hand on the hilt of his sword, he said, "I swear by all that I hold most sacred and on the blade of my sword to follow you to death or victory, noble queen."

"No lady ever had truer knight, no mother dearer son," answered Chand Bibi, deeply moved. "And now," she continued in a firm and purposeful voice, "let us have speech with the envoy and learn this urgent business on which he has travelled."

When the envoy from Ahmednagar was ushered into the presence of Chand Bibi he learnt nothing from her calm, and dignified demeanour. Graciously she bade him state his errand, listening with keen attention to every detail of his description of the desperate plight in which the unfortunate State stood. From time to time she plied him with brief questions relating to the number of loyal troops available in the fort, the condition of the defences, and the actual position of Prince Murad's troops. Not one point escaped her, and when she was satisfied that she understood the position, she said very quietly, "I would have you understand, good sir, that, dear as the independence of Ahmednagar is to me, I am only a woman with a woman's limited strength. Are you and other captains prepared to accept me as your leader and to follow my veil as if it were your standard?"

Then the envoy bowed low before Chand Bibi and replied, "Great and noble queen, your name alone will strengthen the arm of every man to fight for the right cause. So great is the fame of your wisdom, so powerful the influence you wield over the soldiers, that should you but come to Ahmednagar every blade would flash out to defend the rights of your brother's son!"

The queen thought for a moment, and then made answer. "Once I came to Ahmednagar to redeem her from bloodshed, but I accomplished nothing. My heart sickened, and I returned to Bijapur weary of warfare, vowing that I would spend my remaining days in piety and peace. Think you that I should succeed now where I failed then?"

"You will not fail, brave queen," said the envoy stoutly. "Only let me return and tell my party the good tidings that you will defend the fort. A thousand swords leap out, a thousand voices shout in triumph."

The queen's eyes flashed through her veil, and involuntarily her hand sought for her sword hilt. "My fighting blood rises to your brave words," she said. "Enough! I will come to Ahmednagar, and let Prince Murad look to his laurels."

Overjoyed at the success of his mission, the envoy rendered his faithful homage to Chand Bibi and took a respectful farewell.

The news of the queen's decision spread quickly through the palace. No more were the days devoted to peaceful arts. The queen was busy in councils of war, and before many days were past she rode out from Bijapur at the head of a picked party of horse-

men, accompanied by Abbas Khan and his dainty bride, who refused to be left behind in the safety of Bijapur, preferring to share the risks of the campaign with the two beings she loved most in the whole world.

When Chand Bibi rode into Ahmednagar she was received with every sign of joy and relief, and at once took command of the situation.

Her first decisive action was to solicit the aid of the neighbouring sultanates, Bijapur and Golconda. Of the first she was assured, for her nephew Ibrahim ruled as sultan, and she was as dear to him as if she were his mother.

But alas! there was a traitor in the very heart of the Ahmednagar camp. The governor of the fort, hoping to gain favour with the enemy, sent word to Prince Murad, bidding him hasten, as only a woman held the kingdom of Ahmednagar. His treachery was quickly discovered, and he suffered immediate death. Then the dauntless Chand Bibi herself sent a letter to the Mogul Prince, saying that if he came as a friend they would welcome him and do him honour, but if as a foe, she and all her army would resist him until the last shot had been fired and the last drop of fighting blood shed. But Prince Murad had set his heart on capturing Ahmednagar. Was the envoy of the mighty Akbar to be dictated to by a woman and made to accept the terms she laid down? His answer was to hurry on the attack, and Queen Chand prepared herself to resist it.

Then the malcontents of Ahmednagar, the very same who had fought and disputed with each other

over the succession, rallied round the splendid woman who had led them.

With no sign of fear or haste she prepared for the attack, seeing that there was no scarcity of food, inspecting the defences, talking to the men who were soon to be defenders of the city against the greatest power in India.

Urgently she besought that troops might be hurried up from her allies, and her urgency was not misplaced, for a troop of cavalry, owing to its delay in starting from Bijapur, was intercepted and cut up by the Mogul forces, who thereafter had a straight and clear road to Ahmednagar.

Then the queen resigned herself to the inevitable. No aid from outside could possibly reach her, as the roads to the fort were thick with enemy troops. She resolved to put up a staunch defence, and here her early training in the art of war helped her. Her marksmen, mostly Arabs, were deadly shots and they harassed the invading Moguls most cruelly. The queen, no amateur in the science of defence, met every device of attacking the force with the skill of a practised commander. As fast as they mined the approaches she countermined. If they made a breach by the aid of their batteries, it was immediately repaired by the defenders.

Prince Murad began to change his opinion about Chand Bibi, and to realise that in her he had met more than a match. His troops were suffering from famine and the fort seemed no nearer falling than on the first day of the siege.

Inside the beleaguered fort Chand Bibi was every where, encouraging and cheering on the defenders. No post was too dangrous for her, and her veil fluttered from the most exposed ramparts. She was absolutely fearless.

Then once more the queen wrote to Bijapur, begging them to send troops to her aid and that of the brave garrison, but no answer came and she began to fear that for some reason her nephew had failed her. But the truth was that her letters were intercepted by the Mogul commanders who, submitting them to Prince Murad, received them back from him with many jibes of his own added. Then they were sent to Bijapur. Thus it was that no aid came from the quarter whence it might have been confidently expected, for the Bijapur forces had no wish to be cut to pieces by the Moguls long before they got to the fort of Ahmednagar.

III

THE HEORIC QUEEN OF BIJAPUR—Part II

And so the siege dragged on, until the besiegers and besieged were alike weary. One night, when the queen was making her usual round of the walls, she heard a loud voice from the enemy lines call out, "O brave friends and brothers in the faith, well have you fought for the honour of your cause. Yield now, that more bloodshed may be averted. Under the very bastions where you now stand are mines loaded and ready, and they will be fired to admit the army of the king of kings. Beware ! I have warned you. Only

complete surrender will avail to save you all from instant death."

Then the voice ceased and all was still; and many of those who had heard the warning words were afraid and besought the queen to surrender. But Chand Bibi stood firm and, raising her voice called out clearly so that every word might be heard by the invaders, "We will not yield now that victory is in our grasp. Are we frightened women to beg our lives from our enemies? O my sons, will you sacrifice your loved ones to the violence of the Mogul soldiers? I am only a weak woman, but I will defend this spot with my life. The Lord will deliver us from the tyrants. Away, bring up the miners. Set to work. I would rather tear up the ground with my fingers than suffer this danger to exist when there is still time to avert it!"

The queen's brave words put a very different spirit into the garrison and with a loud cry of defiance to the enemy they called out as one man, "O Mother, we will die but we will not desert you. We will never yield."

Then, led by the dauntless queen, they set to work, axes in hand, and descending the shafts laid bare the mines. They then extracted the gun powder and rendered them useless. When the first mine was destroyed and its defenders driven out, the alarm was given in the camp of the Moguls.

Hurriedly Prince Murad ran to the spot, only to find that the mines on which he had counted most surely to blow up the fort, and which had occupied his sappers a month to lay had been totally destroyed.

There was only one small mine left that had escaped the defenders.

Immediately orders were given to fire this remaining mine before Chand Bibi's miners could remove it, and a party was warned to attack the fort immediately a breach was caused by the explosion.

Anxiously the attacking commanders watched the thin whisp of smoke that issued from the fort wall. Then there was a dull explosion, and a heap of earth and stones was hurled into the air. The little mine had done its work, and a breach had been made in the rampart of the fort.

In the Mogul camp there was great rejoicing and the stormers made for the breach. Within the fort queen Chand, as she saw the smoke and dust clear away, realised the calamity that had occurred.

For a moment it seemed as if she must lose the day: some of the garrisons were already preparing for flight.

Desperately she rallied them, with words commanding and impassioned. "Remember your oath," she cried. "Where will you fly but into the midst of the enemy? Your honour is at stake and should you fail me now, who will sing your bravery? See we women do not blench." At this moment the devoted Zora arrived on the battlements bearing the light armour and sword belonging to Queen Chand. Donning these, the intrepid woman sprang forward, waving her naked sword above her head and crying in a loud firm voice, "To the breach, my people. Who will follow my veil? Better death than infamy! Even

if we die, we may meet ere night in the paradise of the brave."

Again the personal valour of their queen and her appeal to their honour put heart into their garrison, and they rallied round her to such good effect that the attacking force was completely nonplussed by the resource and resistance of the defenders.

Abbas Khan, the adopted son of the Queen, let himself down into the breach by means of gabions (rough baskets filled with earth), and in this way, assisted by some of his finest marksmen, he made of the breach a fine point of vantage from which to harass the attackers.

Feeling that immediate danger was forestalled, the queen ordered that a feast should be made for the bold defenders, and here her forethought was well rewarded, for there was ample food of all kinds inside the fort. *enough*

But while the soldiers had of the best, the queen herself took nothing but a little rice, never leaving her place near the breach.

With her remained the faithful Zora, and below, keeping the breach, were Abbas Khan and his handful of Arab marksmen.

For sometime the Moguls had ceased to attack, but the queen knew that sooner or later the assault would begin, and that an effort would be made to rush the breach. Every gun in the fort was turned on this spot; it would not be easy to storm Ahmed-nagar.

All was very still, the sun beat down unmercifully, and not a leaf stirred. At noon the voice of the

muezzin called forth the hour of prayer in each camp, and the Muslims silently spread their scarves where they sat.

Suddenly from the enemy lines sprang a tall figure dressed in shining armour and wearing a plumed hat. Pointing to the breach, he dashed forward, motioning to those in the trenches to follow him. Inspired by his gallant lead, Arabs, Afghans, and Rajputs from the Mogul forces followed him, and swarmed towards the breach, shouting their war cries, singing their war-songs. Armed with swords, shields, matchlocks, and spears, they made an imposing sight.

The defenders, however, fortified as they were by the matchless example of their queen and leader were ready for the assault. As the Portuguese leader dashed down the rough path which led to the foot of the breach, followed by his motley soldiery, a perfect storm of gunshot devastated them. From every bastion of the fort the guns thundered out their volley of death. Retreat was impossible, for as the foremost turned to fly they came into the contact from horse behind, who, sweeping over them, trampled them under foot. Again and again did the leader attempt to storm the breach, but he could gain no footing on the crumbling earth and fell, hit by an arrow from the bow of some unerring Arab marksman.

Through the tumult of guns, and the shrieks and groans of the dying and wounded, Queen Chand moved calmly, ministering to the fallen, encouraging the defenders, standing at the very mouth of the breach, her delicate veil floating behind her, every word of brave counsel audible to the soldiers.

From afar, Prince Murad saw that gallant figure, and in his grim heart, sullen with resentment, at the failure of the attack, rose a feeling of true admiration for the heroic woman.

Night drew near and, utterly repulsed, the Moguls fell back. Their losses amounted to thousands. The attack had completely failed, and all they could do was to retire, leaving their dead, their arms, and their standards where they had fallen.

Great was the humiliation in the Mogul camp that night, heavy the mood of the prince who had urged his faithful troops to destruction. He had been beaten by a woman, but surely such a one as had never donned armour before.

As the totally defeated enemy dragged its poor remnants back to the camp, the queen gave orders for the repair of the breach, and when morning came the walls of the fort were intact.

Then, as the day broke across the space that lay between the fort and the Mogul camp came a messenger bearing a flag of truce. Prince Murad, realizing the utter hopelessness of a further attack on Ahmednagar, sent to its gallant commander his expression of admiration, and requested her permission to remove the dead.

The queen at once granted this request, and by nightfall the grisly signs of battle had been cleared away.

All was peace, and now the brave woman might rest and take off her armour. She had saved the fort, but her only feeling was one of deep thankfulness

and gratitude to its defenders. No sign of personal gratification appeared in her manner.

To those who crowded round her, praising her, extolling her courage, giving to her all the honours of conquest, she said very gently "I thank the Lord, on Whom I depended and Who gave strength to your arms to gain the victory."

And those who read the story of Queen Chand will see that not by mere pride of place did she gain for herself an undying name in the history of India, but by her qualities of courage, truth and honour she achieved one of its most Golden Deeds.

—L. & H. G. D. Turnbull

IV

MY GRANDMOTHER

[K. S. Venkatramani has achieved no small reputation as a writer of short sketches and essays. India first knew him as the author of "Paper Boats," a fine performance which earned him just praise as one of the foremost writers of India. Dr. Annie Beasant wrote for this author, "The writer is a complete master of English, simple, dainty, with a sense of humour, steeped in the sweetness of affection running through the living description." "My Grandmother"—"a splendid ruler, exercising at mellow eighty an unceasing control over a joint family of a dozen adult members"—is a sketch selected from Mr. Venkatramani's "Paper Boats." This "benevolent despot of joint family from whom three generations have sprung," is described here with a rare charm and sympathy. "My Grandmother" is a typical queen of the home, despotic and wholly lovable.]

My grandmother is of noble lineage. She had lived to a great age and alas, her only regret is that Time has removed from the plane of life all her contemporaries. But age has not soured her temper. Except for wayward irascibility, she is a splendid ruler, exercising at mellow eighty an unceasing control over a joint family of a dozen adult members.

My grandmother is a benevolent despot. Her rule is universal. She has you in the hollow of her hand. She breaks the youngest colt with subtlety and vigour to the rather old-time traditions of her chariot. You cannot run away from her. She ever rules you in all matters from sunrise to sunset. She holds always in her hand the reins of government. Nothing escapes or wearies her eye. She is the patron of orthodoxy and the red rag of the social reformer. She is an indomitable worker. Age has made her but more agile. She is at work earlier than the morning dew, churning the curd into whey and butter for her sons and grandsons. And earlier than the twilight of dawn she wakes up the members of the house, each to his or her appointed work. She is an exemplary ruler. Even the most naughty grandsons yield to her command, her talent for the occasion, her unbending will and unfailing energy for work. My grandmother is the family queen to her last pulse-beat.

Her preservative power is immense. She is the *Adishesha* who keeps stable our rather unsteady planet. She is the apostle of conservatism. She is very much attached to the old and looks with disdain on the new. She is the founder of the system of philosophy known in common parlance as "hasten slowly". She

always represents the opposition in the council chamber of the joint family. She is the stronghold against which is brought up in vain the pickaxe of the enthusiast and the spade of the revolutionary. She has the vision of the prophet and the walking pace of the practical man in the street. Her ideal is the accomplished real. She is the main spring of the Hindu joint family and its most efficient regulator. She has weathered many a storm, and no captain loves better his fresh-tarred vessel.

My grandmother is ancient and holy as the cedars of Lebanon. She has the secret of long life and enduring vigour of mind. Three generations have sprung from her whose life and character she has nourished with the unrelenting energy of her own mind, with simple deeds of virtue in homely fields of work. The daughters of the house she has moulded with sufficient elasticity for the harmonious pleasure of conjugal life in a transplanted atmosphere, and the sons of the house with iron discipline. The daughters-in-law plucked from stems of varying temper and taste, she grafts upon the rigorous unity and traditional design of her own family; because my grandmother is the inheritor of a proud home culture which she keeps alive and enriches.

But in the Hindu family she is always accorded a dual reception. Every one has an affectionate corner for her; but all the same the common effort is to resist her supremacy. But she is equal to the crisis. The daughter-in-law, with bending grace and yielding charm, in soft-falling words and smiling lips, breaks into ripples the placid rule of my grandmother.

With each comic skill, she changes every friction into light and every cry into a song. And with each conquest her rule is made more secure and better integrated.

So much for the ruler. As for the kingdom, the Hindu joint family is the most democratic and the best-governed in the world. Its ancestral house is full of stories and traditions. The spider has its silken web at every corner. The foundations of the home were laid by the grandfather in those affluent days when paddy was selling at four annas per kalam. With palmyra rafters and bamboo poles, with its indigenous beams and pillars, with its spacious courtyards and never-ending corridors and windowless rooms, the ancestral home of the joint family is the very quintessence of rural life. There is neither stint nor economy, either in conception or in execution. This home, which some long-dead grandfather has reared, my grandmother preserves with an inherited care and fondness. With its backyard of vegetable garden, it is dear and nourishing to the sense of family pride and comfort. It transmits undiminished the fortunes of the line, and is self-sufficient for the needs of family life. None, not even a spirited grandson, afflicted with modern architectural vanities, would ever dream of altering its structure lest the established fortune of his family should escape through his irreverent and sanitary ideas of house-building. So the ancestral home is always intact, and inspires the same emotion and faith in the mind of its inmates from generation to generation. It is the very model of an ordered and reli-

gious life, the source of all that is pious and pure in the daily life of the Hindu.

A respectable Hindu family is, even as a cluster of bananas, never less than a dozen in number. Mine begins with my grandmother, alert at eighty, and closes with her great grandson, but a month old, rebellious in the cradle. Youth and beauty, age and wisdom, set in the merry ring of children's voice, mingle together to make this godly life of perfect joy. Brothers and sisters, daughters and daughter-in-law, sons and grandsons, live and move together like water drops in the ocean wave.

The Hindu family is the greatest conservative tradition and reality of our civilisation. It is full of sweetness, even as the honeycomb, its sweetness, as honey, separated, assimilated and deposited in individual cells. It is the Rishi-made school for the Hindu from the cradle to the grave. No generation wastes its sweetness in the Hindu joint family, but leaves behind its experience and work for a richer harvest of tradition in succeeding years.

The Hindu family is the paradise of poor relations. Here alone man toils to share the fruits of his labour with his weaker brethren, and shares them without murmur. It is the only democracy known to me - just and complete. My grandmother at its head often tells me with a pensive light in her face that in this *kaliyuga*, the race is not always to the swift nor success to the strong. Her only grandmotherly duty is to hold even the scales in the conflicts of the home among the children of her loins.

She is most dearly loved by all, the earning and the non-earning, the fecund and the sterile.

The Hindu joint family is the age-long exponent of Socialism on a family basis. It is the model of co-ordinated work. The functioning is perfect. The health is excellent. Its key-note is self-restraint and discipline. Its qualities are the very virtues of evolution. It has the evergreen spaciousness of a banyan tree and the impressiveness of a spiral monument. It is the heart of Hindu culture and the coping-stone of its civilisation. It is the inspirer of its love-laden songs and thought-laden philosophy. It is the most fragrant, immortal *champak* flower of Aryan culture. In the autumn dust and wind of modern life, the petals are falling off. Ere long the flower will be no more. May at least its immortal Fragrance live for ever in the memory of man!

—K. S. Venkatramani

V

THE MORAL NEED OF WORK

[This is a wise and refreshing lesson from Hugo Black's stimulating book, "Work". It inspires us to make the most of life and to invest our daily work with a new dignity. Work is a law of life. If work usually means health of body, much more does it mean health of mind. Sweet is rest after work. There can be no progress without work. An idle brain is a devil's workshop. What is true of the individual is true of the nation. "Work is Worship", says Carlyle. Spiritually it makes little difference what our work is; it is the manner of our doing it. A scavenger may be a truer public servant than a cabinet minister. The style is clear, simple, straightforward and not a word is wasted.]

Man must work as a natural necessity, and it is well that it is so to most. It is the law of life that we must work to eat. But work is not only a necessity to most of us for obvious reasons, but for a deeper reason is a necessity for all who would live a sane life.

This does not mean the narrow limiting of work to manual labour. There is the sweat of the brain as well as of the brow. Does not the scholar work, though he seems detached from men, if in the loneliness of study he seeks to find truth for the life of the world? Is not the artist a worker who tries to reveal the soul of beauty for the world's joy?

Both the value of a life and its result are summed up in character; and character is built up by the manner of doing ordinary work, and at the same time finds its outlet in the doing of it. Nothing in life is morally unimportant, and few things are of more importance than the great tract of life represented by our work. It is foolish therefore to look upon any form of industry as merely a matter of economics with little or no relation to ethics, or as if it could be at best only prudential morality.

The experience of all time teaches that work is a law of life, not merely as a practical necessity, but as a moral law. A serious occupation diligently pursued is necessary for a sane and wholesome and happy life. Rest is enjoined as part of the moral law, but one of its functions is as a preparation for the needful toil to follow. It is, indeed, the great civilising agency. The necessity to work for daily bread is the root from which all advancement, material, mental,

and spiritual, has sprung. Without this necessity there would be no progress, but a constant retrogression to the animal stage. All our arts and sciences and inventions and knowledge are due to this. We are driven on by our human needs.

Negatively, there is moral need of work in guarding against evil. Nothing can avert the inevitable degradation which follows idleness. Plenty without labour is a curse both to individuals and to the country. In climates where the earth is bountiful and little labour is needed for a subsistence, the race is enervated and there is no spur to progress. The worst forms of immorality are only nursed in idleness. Life cannot be kept sweet and true apart from the filling up of time by useful labour.

When it becomes possible for a large section of the community to dispense with work, as in the latter Roman Empire, when the ideals of life have no place for honest toil, and when labour is looked on as a humiliation, the degradation of that people is instant and swift. When there is no necessity for work in the sense of material necessity we soon find that there is a moral necessity; and men, who are not driven on by the spur of material need, have to invent interests and occupations with which to fill up their lives. 'Six days shalt thou labour and do work' is a law written on the very physical constitution; and a healthy man who cannot find something better to do will play cricket or golf all day if only for an occupation.

Even for health of body work is necessary, and highest in the list, instead of lowest as we usually

put it, manual labour must be placed. Most men who have had to do brain work all their lives have sometime or other wished they had been taught some trade, something they could do with their hands.

We know how much health is dependent on the natural exercise of all the powers; and if idleness can cause sickness of body, it is also responsible for much sickness of soul.

If work usually means health of body, much more does it mean health of mind. Objectless, effortless life is a poor thing. Its aim is not to give something as a contribution to the world's welfare, but to get as much as possible for self. Idleness infallibly ends in disgust, and only work of some kind makes life truly liveable.

—*Hugo Black*

VI OMENS

[Joseph Addison was the son of a country parson. Throughout his life, something of this old home-atmosphere of the parsonage lingers about Addison. His instinctive love and reverence is for things that are pure and honest. Addison and Steele set themselves to entertain and instruct their country by writing on all sorts of subjects, and printing their essays in periodical form. The *Spectator* was started as a daily paper in 1711. Here in these little printed sheets were men of great intelligence speaking to their fellow countrymen every day, writing them letters, as if were, full of wisdom and wit and shrewd observation. All that blends pleasure with culture, and sweetness with morality had from first to last characterised the *Spectator*. Addison formed public opinion on questions of morals, breeding and taste. Addison is a master of the gentle art of living. He has a refined sensibility, courtesy and softness of heart and a keen sense of humour. There is in his style a rare combination of sweetness, grace and noble calm. Johnson says, "whoever wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

India is the land of ignorance and superstition. We see evil in a cat crossing our path, in an owl screeching, or in a child sneezing when we are about to start on a journey. This essay on Omens is a profound contemplation of the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind. Addison points out to us the folly of superstitious people with a kindly ridicule and gentle humour. He observes with a keen quick glance full rather of amusement than of censure, the imaginary afflictions that men inflict on themselves. With this fine sense of the ludicrous he has a large charity. When he finds that the lady has conceived an aversion to him he takes leave immediately after dinner. The essay has an indefinable sunshiny charm. The last paragraph is typical of Addison with its calm dignity, its sense of quiet power, its appropriateness of tone, its perfect harmony of sense and sound.]

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream

the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says she. 'No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Thursday: tell your writing master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. The lady, however, recovering herself, after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yokefellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeonhouse fell the very afternoon that our careless wench split the salt upon the table?' 'Yes,' says he, 'my dear; and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person

has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation of the evils that attend this superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers: nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoots up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies left the room. I know a maiden aunt of a great family who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches; and was the other

day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, (or indeed of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of the Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees at one view the whole thread of my existence; not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

—*Joseph Addison*

VII

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

[The story is based on a witty comedy of intrigue by William Shakespeare. Baptista, a rich old gentleman of Padua, has two daughters. Bianca, the younger sister, is charming to look upon, gentle and winsome, and beloved by all. The fair Katherina has a bit of a devil in her. She has a fiery temper. She is never satisfied, she is peevish and is always finding fault. There seemed little likelihood of any one marrying her. Petruchio, who is at once clever, masterful, highspirited undertakes to tame Katherina. His plan is to be always in temper. Nothing daunted he woos and wives the young shrew in astonishing fashion. He comes very late to the wedding, wearing a new hat, an old coat, shoes that are not neighbours, a rusty sword, and mounted on a miserable horse. At the altar he gives the priest a terrible box on the ear, refuses to stay to the wedding dinner, and acts like a mad man on the way to his countryhouse. Arrived home he storms at and beats the servants, allows Kate not a morsel of food for two days, throws the pillows around the chamber and does not let Kate sleep even for a moment. He denies her the bonnet and dress the tailor has brought. Petruchio so manages things as to seem to do all out of love to her and regard for her health. At last Katherina realises it is best to obey her husband. In short he subdues her and breaks her will so that she becomes an obedient housewife. This is how the shrew is tamed. Of Bianca's three suitors, the youngest Lucentio gets the prize by a series of smart tricks.]

There lived in Padua a gentleman named Baptista, who had two fair daughters. The eldest, Katharina, was so very cross and ill-tempered and unmannerly, that no one ever dreamed of marrying her; while her sister, Bianca, was so sweet and pretty and pleasant-spoken, that more than one suitor asked her father for her hand. But Baptista said the elder daughter must marry first.

So Bianca's suitors decided among themselves to try and get some one to marry Katharina, and then

the father could at least be got to listen to their suit for Bianca.

A gentleman from Verona, named Petruchio, was the one they thought of, and, half in jest, they asked him if he would marry Katharina, the disagreeable scold. Much to their surprise he said yes, that was just the sort of wife for him, and if Katharina were handsome and rich, he himself would undertake soon to make her good-tempered. Petruchio began by asking Baptista's permission to pay court to his gentle daughter Katharina, and Baptista was obliged to own that she was anything but gentle. And just then her music master rushed in, complaining that the naughty girl had broken her lute over his head, because he told her she was not playing correctly.

"Never mind," said Petruchio, "I love her better than ever, and long to have some chat with her." When Katharina came he said, "Good-morrow, Kate—for that, I hear, is your name."

"You've only heard half," said Katharina rudely. "Oh, no," said Petruchio, "they call you plain Kate, and bonny Kate; and sometimes Kate the shrew and so, hearing your mildness praised in every town, and your beauty too, I ask you for my wife."

"Your wife," cried Kate. "Never." She said some extremely disagreeable things to him, and, I am sorry to say, ended by boxing his ears.

"If you do that again, I'll cuff you," he said quietly, and still protested, with many compliments, that he would marry none but her.

When Baptista came back, he asked at once--

"How speed you with my daughter?"

"How should I speed but well," replied Petruchio; "how but well?" "How now daughter Katharina?" the father went on.

"I don't think," said Katharina angrily, "you are acting a father's part in wishing me to marry this mad-cap ruffian."

"Ah," said Petruchio, "you and all the world would talk amiss of her. You should see how kind she is to me when we are alone. I will go off to Venice to buy fine things for our wedding—for—kiss me, Kate! We will be married on Sunday."

And with that, Katharina flounced out of the room by one door in a violent temper, and he laughing, went out by the other. But whether she fell in love with Petruchio, or whether she was only glad to meet a man who was not afraid of her, or whether she was flattered that, in spite of her rough words and spiteful usage, he still desired her for his wife, she did indeed marry him on Sunday, as he had sworn she should.

To vex and humble Katharina's naughty, proud spirit, he was late at the wedding, and when he came, came wearing such shabby clothes that she was ashamed to be seen with him. His servant was dressed in the same shabby way, and the horses they rode were the sport of every one they passed. And, after the marriage, when there should have been the wedding breakfast, Petruchio carried his wife away, not allowing her to eat or drink, saying that she was his now, and he could do as he liked with her. And his manner was so violent and he behaved all through his

wedding in so mad and dreadful a manner, that Katharina trembled and went with him. He mounted her on a stumbling, lean old horse, and they journeyed by rough, muddy ways to Petruchio's house.

She was terribly tired when she reached her new home, but Petruchio was determined that she should neither eat nor sleep that night, for he had made up his mind to teach his bad-tempered wife a lesson she would never forget.

So he welcomed her kindly to his house, but when supper was served he found fault with everything—the meat was burnt, he said and ill-served, and he loved her far too much to let her eat anything but the best. At last Katharina, tired out with her journey, went supperless to bed. Then her husband, still telling her how he loved her, and how anxious he was that she should sleep well, pulled her bed to pieces, throwing pillows and bed-clothes on the floor, so that she could not go to bed at all, and still kept growling and scolding at the servants so that Kate might see how unbeautiful a thing ill-temper was. The next day, too, Katharina's food was all found fault with, and caught away before she could touch a mouthful, and she was sick and giddy for want of sleep. Then she said to one of the servants—"I pray thee go and get me some repast. I care not what." "What say you to a neat's foot?" said the servant. Katharina said "Yes" eagerly: but the servant who was in his master's secret said he feared it was not good for hasty tempered people. Would she like tripe?

"Bring it me," said Katharina. "I don't think it

is good for hasty-tempered people," said the servant. "What do you say to a dish of beef and mustard?" "I love it," said Kate.

"But mustard is too hot."

"Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard go," cried Katharina, who was getting hungrier and hungrier.

"No," said the servant, "You must have the mustard, or you get no beef from me."

"Then," cried Katharina losing patience, "let it be both, or one, or anything thou wilt."

"Why, then," said the servant, "the mustard without the beef. "Then Katharina saw he was making fun of her, and she boxed his ears.

Just then Petruchio brought her some food—but she had scarcely begun to satisfy her hunger, before he called for the tailor to bring her new clothes, and the table was cleared, leaving her still hungry. Katharina was pleased with the pretty new dress and the cap that the tailor had made for her, but Petruchio found fault with everything, flung the cap and gown on the floor, vowing his dear wife should not wear any such foolish things. "I will have them," cried Katharina. "All gentlewomen wear such caps as these——"

"When you are gentle you shall have one too," he answered, "and not till then." When he had driven away the tailor with angry words—but privately asking his friends to see him paid—Petruchio said, "Come, Kate, let's go to your father's house shabby as we are, for as the sun breaks through the darkest

clouds, so honour peereth in the meanest habit. It is about seven o'clock now. We shall easily get there by dinner-time."

"It's nearly two," said Kate, but civilly enough, for she had grown to see that she could not bully her husband, as she had done her father and her sister; "it's nearly two, and it will be supper time before we get there."

"It shall be seven," said Petruchio obstinately, "before I start. Why whatever I say, or do, or think, you do nothing but contradict. I won't go to-day and before I do go, it shall be what o'clock I say it is." At last they started for their father's house. "Look at the moon," said he.

"It's the sun," said Katharina, and indeed it was. "I say it is the moon. Contradicting again. It shall be sun or moon, or whatever I choose or I won't take you to your father's."

Then Katharina gave in once and for all. "What you will have it named," she said, "it is, and so it shall be so for Katharina." And so it was, for from that moment Katharina felt that she had met her master, and never again showed her naughty tempers, to him, or any one else.

So they journeyed on to Baptista's house, and arriving there, accompanied by Vincentio, the father of Bianca's bridegroom, they found all folks keeping Bianca's wedding feast, and that of another newly married couple, Horentsio and his wife. They were made welcome, and sat down to the feast, and all was merry, save that Hortensio's wife, seeing Katharina subdued to her husband, thought she could safely say

many disagreeable things that in the old days, when Katharina was free and forward, she would not have dared to say. But Katharina answered with such spirit and such moderation that she turned the laugh against the new bride. After dinner, when the ladies were retired, Baptista joined in a laugh against Petruchio, saying—"Now in good sadness, son Petruchio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all."

"You are wrong," Said Petruchio; "let me prove it to you. Each of us shall send a message to his wife, desiring her to come to him, and the one whose wife comes most readily shall win a wager which he will agree on."

The others said yes readily enough, for each thought his own wife the most dutiful, and each thought he was quite sure to win the wager. They proposed a wager of twenty crowns.

"Twenty crowns." Said Petruchio; "I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound, but twenty times as much upon my wife."

"A hundred then," cried Lucentio, Bianca's husband.

"Content," cried the others. Then Lucentio sent a message to the fair Bianca bidding him to come to him, and Baptista said he was certain his daughter would come. But the servant coming back, said—

"Sir, my mistress is busy and she cannot come."

"There's an answer for you," said Petruchio.

"You may think yourself fortunate if your wife does not send you a worse."

"I hope, better," Petruchio answered.

Then Horentsio said—"Go and entreat my wife to come to me at once."

"Oh—if you entreat her," said Petruchio.

"I am afraid," answered Horentsio sharply, "do what you can, yours will not be entreated."

But now the servant came in, and said—

"She says you are playing some jest; she will not come."

"Better and better," cried Petruchio; "'now go to your mistress and say I command her to come to me.'"

They all began to laugh, saying they knew what her answer would be, and that she would not come. Then suddenly Baptista cried—"Here comes Katharina!" and sure enough, there she was.

"What do you wish, sir," she asked her husband.

"Where are your sister and Hortensio's wife?"

"Talking by the Parlour fire."

"Fetch them here."

When she was gone to fetch them, Lucentio said—"Here is a wonder!"

"I wonder what it means," said Hortensio.

"It means peace," said Petruchio, "and love and quiet life."

"Well," said Baptista, "you have won the wager and I will add another twenty-thousand crowns to her dowry—another dowry for another daughter for she is as changed as if she were some one else."

So Petruchio won his wager, and had in Katharina always a loving wife and true, and now he had broken her proud and angry spirit he loved her well and there was nothing else but love between those two. And so they lived happy ever afterwards.

VIII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[Modern dramatists generally present social problems or voice public discontent with things as they are, in their dramas. John Drinkwater (1832-1937) was more concerned to achieve artistic beauty in his plays than to discuss social problems. **Abraham Lincoln, Mary Stuart, Cromwell**, represent the dramatic art of John Drinkwater. Abraham Lincoln is at once a historical figure and an artistic embodiment of some of the nobler elements of human nature. Besides being a tragic hero, Abraham Lincoln like Mahatma Gandhi was a very **human** individual. Both his humanity and his nobility are revealed in his treatment of Mr. Douglass, the negro gentleman. When Douglass refuses to sit in front of the white man, Abraham says, "I can't sit myself, if you don't. We are just two old-gentlemen sitting together." By introducing Douglass, the negro, Drinkwater with a true dramatic insight reveals to us the lot of those ignorant, downtrodden frightened suspicious people. The scene reveals the character of Susan the maid servant. She is devoted to her master. She understands him. Her heart bleeds for him. "I tell you, Mr. Douglass, he will kill himself over this war—his heart is that kind."]

to collect
Susan collects the teacups. As she is going to the door a quiet, grave white-haired negro appears facing her. Susan starts violently.

THE NEGRO (He talks slowly and very quietly):
It is all right.

SUSAN:—And who in the name of night might you be?

THE NEGRO:—Mista Frederick Douglass. Mista Lincoln tell me to come here. Nobody stop me, so I come to look for him.

SUSAN:—Are you Mr. Frederick Douglass?

DOUGLASS:—Yes.

SUSAN:—Mr. Lincoln will be here directly. He's gone to change his coat. You'd better sit down.

DOUGLASS:—Yes.

He does so, looking about him with a certain pathetic inquisitiveness.

Mista Loncoln live here. You his servant? A very fine thing for young girl to be servant to Mista Lincoln.

SUSAN:—Well, we get on very well together.

DOUGLASS:—A very bad thing to be slave in South.

SUSAN:—Look here, you Mr. Douglass, don't you go mixing me up with slaves.

DOUGLASS:—No, you not slave. You servant, but you free body. That very mighty thing. A poor servant born free.

SUSAN:—Yes, but look here, are you pitying me, with your poor servant?

DOUGLASS:—Pity? No. I think you very mighty.

SUSAN:—Well, I don't know so much about mighty. But I expect you're right. It isn't everyone that rises to the White House.

DOUGLASS:—It not everyone that is free body. That is why you mighty.

SUSAN:—I've never thought much about it.

DOUGLASS:—I think always about it.

SUSAN:—I suppose you're free, aren't you?

DOUGLASS:—Yes. Not born free. I was beaten when I a little nigger. I saw my mother——I will not remember what I saw.

SUSAN:—I'm sorry, Mr. Douglass. That was wrong.

DOUGLASS:—Yes. Wrong.

SUSAN:—Are all nig—I mean are all black gentlemen like you?

DOUGLASS:—No. I have advantages. They not many have advantages.

SUSAN:—No, I suppose not. Here's Mr. Lincoln coming.

Lincoln, comes to the door. Douglass rises,

SUSAN:—This is the gentleman you said, sir.

She goes out with the tray.

LINCOLN:—Mr. Douglass, I'm very glad to see you.

He offers his hand. Douglass takes it, and is about to kiss it. Lincoln stops him gently.

LINCOLN (sitting):—Sit down, will you?

DOUGLASS (still standing, keeping his hat in his hand):—It very kind of Mista Lincoln ask me to come to see him.

LINCOLN:—I was afraid you might refuse.

DOUGLASS:—A little shy? Yes. But so much to ask. Glad to come.

LINCOLN:—Please sit down.

DOUGLASS:—Polite?

LINCOLN:—Please. I can't sit myself, you see, if you don't.

DOUGLASS:—Black, black. White, white.

LINCOLN:—Nonsense. Just two old men, sitting together (Douglass sits to Lincoln's gesture)—and talking.

DOUGLASS:—I think I older man than Mista Lincoln.

LINCOLN:—Yes, I expect you are. I'm fifty-four.

DOUGLASS:—I seventy-two.

DOUGLASS:—Cold water. Much walk. Believe in Lord Jesus Christ. Have always little herbs learnt when a little nigger. Mista Lincoln try. Very good.

He hands a small twist of paper to Lincoln.

LINCOLN:—Now, that's uncommon kind of you. Thank you. I've heard much about your preaching, Mr. Douglass.

DOUGLASS:—Yes.

LINCOLN:—I should like to hear you.

DOUGLASS:—Mista Lincoln great friend of my people.

LINCOLN:—I have come at length to a decision.

DOUGLASS:—A decision?

LINCOLN:—Slavery is going. We have been resolved always to confine it. Now it shall be abolished.

DOUGLASS:—You sure?

LINCOLN:—Sure.

Douglass slowly stands up, bows his head and sits again.

DOUGLASS:—My people much to learn. Years and years, and years. Ignorant, frightened, suspicious people. It will be difficult, very slow. (With growing passion) But born free bodies. Free. I born slave, Mista Lincoln. No man understand who not born slave.

LINCOLN:—Yes, yes. I understand.

DOUGLASS:—(with his normal regularity): I think so. Yes.

LINCOLN:—I should like you to ask me any question you wish.

DOUGLASS:—I have some complaint. Perhaps I not understand.

LINCOLN:—Tell me.

DOUGLASS:—Southern soldiers take some black man prisoner. Black men in your uniform. Take them prisoner. Then murder them.

LINCOLN:—I know.

DOUGLASS:—What you do?

LINCOLN:—We have sent a protest.

DOUGLASS:—No good. Must do more.

LINCOLN:—What more can we do?

DOUGLASS:—You know.

LINCOLN:—Yes. but don't ask me for reprisals.

DOUGLASS (**gleaming**):—Eye for an eye, tooth, for a tooth.

LINCOLN:—No, no. You must think. Think what you are saying.

DOUGLASS:—I think of murdered black men.

LINCOLN:—You would not ask me to murder?

DOUGLASS:—Punish—not murder.

LINCOLN:—Yes, murder. How can I kill men in cold blood for what has been done by others? Think what would follow. It is for us to set a great example, not to follow a wicked one. You do believe that, don't you?

DOUGLASS (after a pause):—I know. Yes. Let your light so shine before men. I trust Mista Lincoln. Will trust. I was wrong. I was too sorry for my people.

LINCOLN:—Will you remember this? For more than two years I have thought of you every day. I have grown a weary man with thinking. But I shall not forget. I promise that.

DOUGLASS:—You great, kind friend. I will love you.

A knock at the door.

LINCOLN:—Yes.

Susan comes in.

SUSAN:—An officer gentleman. He says it's very important.

LINCOLN:—I'll come.

He and Douglass rise.

Wait, will you, Mr. Douglass. I want to ask you some questions.

He goes out. It is getting dark and Susan lights a lamp and draws the curtains.

Douglass stands by the door looking after Lincoln.

DOUGLASS:—He very good man.

SUSAN:—You've found that out, have you?

DOUGLASS:—Do you love him, you white girl?

SUSAN:—Of course I do.

DOUGLASS:—Yes, you must.

SUSAN:—He's a real white man. No offence, of course.

DOUGLASS:—Not offend. He talk to me as if black—no difference.

SUSAN:—But I tell you what, Mr. Douglass. He'll kill himself over this war, his heart's that kind—like a shorn lamb, as they say.

DOUGLASS:—Very unhappy war.

SUSAN:—But I suppose he's right. It's got to go on till it's settled.

In the street below a body of people is heard approaching, singing 'John Brown's Body.' Douglass and Susan stand listening, Susan joining in the song as it passes and fades away.

(CURTAIN FALLS)

—*John Drinkwater*

IX

ASHOKA

[Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is one of the intellectual figures of modern India who have an international reputation. India knows him as a valiant fighter in the struggle for freedom and her first Prime Minister. His dynamic personality together with his socialistic tendencies have made him an inspiring leader of Youth in India. Though an intellectual aristocrat he has deep sympathy for the toiling masses of India. Being a man of broad vision and world-wide sympathies, he studies every problem in its proper world-context. He is the political heir of Mahatma Gandhi. To the Western World, he is known as the author of some outstanding books like *Autobiography*, *Letters of a Father to his daughter*, *Glimpses of World History*, *Discovery of India*. This passage on King Ashoka is selected from his recent book *Discovery of India*. There is hardly any other character worthy of study in Indian History than that of King Ashoka, whose **chakra** occupies a central place in our National Flag. He was also the first ruler who realised the dream of uniting the whole of India under one supreme government; it was he who abandoned all war-like activities in the full tide of victory; it is also pertinent to recall that he was the first Emperor in this country who conceived the idea of sending messengers and ambassadors to far-off lands like Syria, Egypt, Epirus and other.]

Ashoka succeeded to this great Empire about 273 B.C. He had previously served as Viceroy in the north-western province of which Taxila, the university centre, was the capital. Already the Empire included far the greater part of India and extended right into Central Asia. Only the southeast and a part of the south were beyond its sway. The old dream of uniting the whole of India under one supreme government fired Ashoka and forthwith he undertook the conquest of Kalinga on the east coast, which corresponds roughly with modern Orissa and part of Andhra. His armies triumphed in spite of the brave and obsti-

nate resistance of the people of Kalinga. There was a terrible slaughter in this war and when news of this reached Ashoka he was stricken with remorse and disgusted with war. Unique among the victorious monarchs and captains in history, he decided to abandon warfare in the full tide of victory. The whole of India acknowledged his sway, except for the southern tip, and that tip was his for the taking. But he refrained from any further aggression, and his mind turned, under the influence of Buddha's gospel, to conquests and adventures in other fields.

What Ashoka felt and how he acted are known to us in his own words in the numerous edicts he issued, carved in rock and metal. Those edicts, spread out all over India, are still with us, and they conveyed his messages not only to his people but to posterity. In one of the edicts it is said that:

"Directly after the annexation of the Kalinga began His Sacred Majesty's zealous protection of the Law of Piety, his love of that Law, and his inculcation of that Law (Dharma). Thus arose His Sacred Majesty's remorse for having conquered the Kalingas, because the conquest of a country previously unconquered involves the slaughter, death and carrying away captives of the people. That is a matter of profound sorrow and regret to His Sacred Majesty."

No longer, goes on the edict, would Ashoka tolerate any more killing or taking into captivity, not even of a hundredth or a thousandth part of the number killed and made captive in Kalinga. True conquest consists of the conquest of men's hearts by the Law of Duty or Piety, and, adds Ashoka, such real

victories had already been won by him, not only in his own dominions, but in distant kingdoms.

This astonishing ruler, beloved still in India and in many other parts of Asia, devoted himself to the spread of Buddha's teaching, of righteousness and good-will, and to public works for the good of the people. He was no passive spectator of events, lost in contemplation and self-improvement. He laboured hard at public business and declared that he was always ready for it: "At all times and at all places, whether I am dining or in the ladies' apartments, in my bedroom or in my closet, in my carriage or in my palace gardens, the official reporters should keep me informed of the people's business.....At any hour and at any place, work I must for the commonwealth."

His messengers and ambassadors went to Syria, Egypt, Macedonia and Epirus, conveying his greeting and Buddha's message. They went to Central Asia also and to Burma and Siam, and he sent his own son and daughter, Mahendra and Sanghamitra, to Ceylon in the south. Everywhere an appeal was made to the mind and the heart: there was no force or compulsion. Ardent Buddhist as he was, he showed respect and consideration for all other faiths. He proclaimed in an edict:

'All sects deserve reverence for one reason or another. By thus acting a man exalts his own sect and at the same time does service to the sects of other people.'

Ashoka was a great builder and it has been suggested that he employed foreign craftsmen to assist in building some of his huge structures. This in-

ference is drawn from the designs of some clustered columns, which remind one of Persepolis. But even in these early sculptures and other remains the characteristically Indian art tradition is visible. Ashoka's famous many-pillared hall in his palace at Pataliputra was partly dug out about thirty years ago. Between Pataliputra (Patna) and Gaya there lie the impressive remains of Nalanda university, which was to become famous in later days. It is not clear when this began functioning and there are no records of it in Ashoka's time.

Ashoka died in 232 B.C. after ruling strenuously for forty-one years. Of him H. G. Wells says in his 'Outline of History': "Amidst the tens of thousands of names of monarchs that crowd the columns of history, their majesties and graciousnesses and serenities and royal highnesses and the like, the name of Ashoka shines, and shines almost alone, a star. From the Volga to Japan his name is still honoured. China, Tibet, and even India, though it has left his doctrine, preserve the tradition of his greatness. More living men cherish his memory today than have ever heard the names of Constantine or Charlemagne.'

—Jawaharlal Nehru.

X

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

(Part I)

[Charles Dickens (1812-1870) is the first great storyteller of the common lives of the commonplace people in commonplace surroundings. Dickens's childhood was spent in a poor home where he experienced himself the sufferings of the poor. As a child poor and lonely, longing for love and for society, he laid the foundation for those heart-rending pictures of children which have moved so many readers to unaccustomed tears. The great creative nature of Dickens turned all his troubles to the pure gold of art. Dickens like Shakespeare, had the gift to create vital vivid figures that strike the imagination and remain fixed in our memory. Micawber, Sam Weller, Peggotty are some of the immortals of literature. To this supreme creative gift was joined a rich indignant sympathy with the sufferings of the poor. Dickens combined pathos, humour and satire with an earnest desire to improve the social conditions of his age, and no one did more, to bring about reforms both legal and social, than he. *David Copperfield* and the *Pickwick Papers* are his most popular novels.

The following passage is taken from his novel **The Old Curiosity Shop**. The shop contained many quaint old things—rusty weapons, armours, china jars, and tapestry. Nothing in it looked older than its proprietor—a little old man with grey hair. He lived here with only his grand daughter, Nell, a blue-eyed, sweet-tempered child. They loved each other dearly, and the old man's one desire was to build up a fortune for the child that she might some day become a "fine lady." He borrowed money with which he gambled. He always lost, and the old curiosity shop had to be sold off. Much of the novel is taken up with the story of the wanderings of grandfather and grandchild when they were driven from home. When quite exhausted they obtained shelter from a lonely schoolmaster. It often happens that those who are the poorest are most willing to share the little they have. Nell received many kindnesses from the humble folk who took pity on her.]

After a sound night's rest in a chamber in the thatched roof, in which it seemed the sexton had for

some years been a lodger, but which he had lately deserted for a wife and a cottage of his own, the child rose early in the morning and descended to the room where she had supped last night. As the schoolmaster had already left his bed and gone out, she bestirred herself to make it neat and comfortable, and had just finished its arrangement when the kind host returned.

He thanked her many times, and said that the old dame who usually did such offices for him had gone to nurse the little scholar whom he had told her of. The child asked how he was, and hoped he was better.

"No," rejoined the schoolmaster, shaking his head sorrowfully. "No better. They even say he is worse."

"I am very sorry for that, Sir," said the child.

The poor schoolmaster appeared to be gratified by her earnest manner, but yet rendered more uneasy by it, for he added hastily that anxious people often magnified an evil, and thought it greater than it was; "for my part," he said, in his quiet, patient way, "I hope it is not so. I don't think he can be worse."

The child asked his leave to prepare breakfast, and her grandfather coming down-stairs they all three partook of it together. While the meal was in progress, their host remarked that the old man seemed much fatigued, and evidently stood in need of rest.

"If the journey you have before you is a long one," he said, "and don't press you for one day, you're very welcome to pass another night here. I should really be glad if you would, friend."

He saw that the old man looked at Nell, uncertain whether to accept or decline his offer, and added—

“I shall be glad to have your young companion with me for one day. If you can do a charity to a lone man, and rest yourself at the same time, do so. If you must proceed upon your journey, I wish you well through it, and walk a little way with you—before school begins.”

“What are we to do, Nell?” Said the old man, irresolutely; “say what we’re to do, dear.”

It required no great persuasion to induce the child to answer that they had better accept the invitation and remain. She was happy to show her gratitude to the kind schoolmaster by busying herself in the performance of such household duties as his little cottage stood in need of. When these were done, she took some needle work from her basket, and sat herself down upon a stool beside the lattice, where the honeysuckle and woodbine entwined their tender stems, and stealing into the room filled it with their delicious breath. Her grandfather was basking in the lawn outside, breathing the perfume of the flowers, and idly watching the clouds as they floated on before the light summer wind.

As the schoolmaster, after arranging the two forms in due order, took his seat behind his desk and made other preparations for school, the child was apprehensive that she might be in the way, and offered to withdraw to her little bedroom. But this he would not allow, and as he seemed pleased to have her there, she remained, busying herself with her work.

"Have you many scholars?" she asked.

The poor schoolmaster shook his head, and said that they barely filled the two forms.

"Are the others clever, Sir?" asked the child, glancing at the trophies on the wall.

"Good boys," returned the schoolmaster, "good boys enough, My dear, but they will never do like that."

A small white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door while he was speaking, and stopping there to make a rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. The white-headed boy then put an open book, astonishingly dog's-earned, upon his knees, and thrusting his hands into his pockets began counting the marbles with which they were filled; displaying in the expression of his face a remarkable capacity of totally abstracting his mind from the spelling on which his eyes were fixed.

Soon afterwards another white-headed little boy came struggling in, and after him a red-headed lad, and after him two more with white heads, and then one with a flaxen poll, and so on until the forms were occupied by a dozen boys or thereabouts, with heads of every colour but grey, and ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years, or more—for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor when he sat upon the form, and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered, foolish fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

At the top of the first form—the post of honour in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick

scholar, and at the head of the row of pegs on which those who came in hats or caps were wont to hang them up, one was left empty. No boy attempted to violate the sanctity of seat or pegs, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered his idle neighbour behind his hand.

XI

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

Part II.

[Here Dickens describes the village school which barely fills the two forms. There are about a dozen boys ranging from four years old to fourteen years. In the midst of the din sits the poor schoolmaster, the very image of meekness and simplicity. His heart is heavy with grief. He is not able to fix his mind upon the duties of the day. The boys take advantage of this and play odds or evens, eat apples, cut their autographs under the master's eye. The wag of the little troop squints and makes grimaces. The schoolmaster declares an extra half-holiday. The whole cluster take to their heels shouting and laughing, supremely indifferent to the tragedy that is being enacted in one of the cottages in the village.

The schoolmaster hurries with little Nell to the cottage where his favourite pupil is struggling between life and death. Generally Dickens overdoes his pathos. Here it is beautifully suggested. In the description of the classroom there is touching reference to the empty seat. The little group of women gathering round one older than the rest, who was crying bitterly, the bright eyes of the boy with the light of heaven, the very faint smile of the boy, little Nell taking the languid hand of the dying child, the schoolmaster chafing the small cold hand—are so many touches which make the scene so pathetic and heart-rending. The hum of distant voices of the boys at play upon the village green introduces an element of contrast which makes the scene all the more pathetic. Thus

Dickens takes up the trivialities of everyday life, the little comedies, the little tragedies and irradiates them with the glorious humour and the ever glowing sympathy.]

Then began the hum of conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, the very image of meekness and simplicity, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little friend. But the tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were rambling from his pupils—it was plain.

None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with impunity, waxed louder and more daring playing odd-or-even under the master's eye, eating apples openly and without rebuke, pinching each other in sport or malice without the least reserve, and cutting their autographs in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson out of book, looked no longer master's elbow and boldly cast his eyes upon the page; the wag of the little troop squinted and made grimaces (at the smallest boy, of course), holding no book before his face, and his approving audience knew no constraint in their delight. If the master did chance to rouse himself and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment, and no eyes met his but wore a studious and a deeply humble look; but the instant he relapsed again, it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

Oh, how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing-place beneath willow trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who, with his shirt-collar unbuttoned and flung back as far as it could go, sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling book, wishing himself a whale, or a title-bat, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school on that hot, broiling day! Heat! Ask that other boy whose seat being nearest to the door gave him opportunities of gliding out into the garden and driving his companions to madness by dipping his face into the bucket of the well and then rolling on the grass—ask him if there were ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of flowers and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky till its brightness forced one to shut one's eyes and go to sleep; and was this a time to be poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself? Monstrous!

Nell sat by the window, occupied with her work, but attentive still to all that passed, though sometimes rather timid of the boisterous boys. The lessons over, writing time began; and there being but one desk, and that the master's, each boy sat at it in turn and laboured at his crooked copy, while the master walked

about. This was a quieter time; for he would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and tell him mildly to observe how such a letter was turned in such a copy on the wall, praise such an upstroke here and such a downstroke there, and bid him take it for his model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child has said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the poor schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner, that the boys seemed quite remorseful that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet-eating no apples, cutting no names, inflicting no pinches, and making no grimaces for full two minutes afterwards.

"I think boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give an extra half-holiday this afternoon."

At this intelligence the boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were considerate enough to leave off as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of the breath.

"You must promise me first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy, or at least, if you are, that you'll go away and be so away out of the village, I mean. I'm sure you wouldn't disturb your old play-mate and companion."

There was a general murmur (and perhaps a very sincere one, for they were but boys) in the negative; and the tall boy, perhaps as sincerely as any of them,

called those about him to witness that he had only shouted in a whisper.

"Then pray don't forget, there's my dear scholar," said the schoolmaster, "what I asked you, and do it as a favour to me. Be as happy as you can, and don't be unmindful that you are blessed with health. Good-bye!"

"Thank'ee, Sir," and "Good-bye, Sir," were said a great many times in a great variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly. But there was the sun shining, and there were the birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and half-holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay entreating them to come and scatter it to the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning towards wood and stream; the smooth ground, rendered smoother still by blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs and leaps, and long walks, God knows whither. It was more than boys could bear, and with a joyous whoop the whole cluster took to their heels and spread themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went,

"It's natural, thank Heaven!" said the poor, schoolmaster, looking after them. "I'm very glad they didn't mind me!"

Towards night an old woman came tottering up the garden as speedily as she could, and meeting the schoolmaster at the door, said he was to go to Dame West's directly, and had best run on before her. He and the child were on the point of going out together for a walk, and without relinquishing her hand, the

schoolmaster hurried away, leaving the messenger to follow as she might.

They stopped at a cottagedoor, and the schoolmaster knocked softly at it with his hand. It was opened without loss of time. They entered a room where a little group of women were gathered about one older than the rest, who was crying very bitterly, and set wringing her hands and rocking herself to and fro.

"Oh, dame," said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?"

"He's going fast," cried the old woman; my grandson's dying. It's all along of you. You should not see him now, but for his being so earnest on it. This is what his learning has brought him to. Oh, dear, dear, dear, what can I do?"

"Do not say that I am in any fault," urged the gentle schoolmaster. "I'm not hurt, dame. No, no. You are in great distress of mind, and don't mean what you say. I am sure you don't."

"I do," returned the old woman. "I mean it all. If he hadn't been poring over his books out of fear of you, he would have been well and merry now, I know he would."

The schoolmaster looked round upon other women as if to entreat some one among them to say a kind word for him; but they shook their heads, and murmured to each other that they never thought there was much good in learning, and that this convinced them. Without saying a word in reply, or giving them a look of reproach, he followed the old woman who had summoned him (and who now rejoined them) into

another room, where his infant friend, half-dressed, lay stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy—quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls, about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hands, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster.

"Who is that?" said the boy, seeing Nell. "I am afraid to kiss her, least I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me."

The sobbing child came closer up, and took the little languid hand in hers. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, my dear, very soon now—won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's grey head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them—no, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window.

"What's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green."

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it about his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. Tie it to the lattice, some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head, and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat that lay with slate and book and other boyish property upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall, and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small, cold hand in his, and chafing. It was but the hand of the dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

—Charles Dickens.

XII

LUCY

[Miss Mary Russell Mitford who was born at Hamilton in 1789 and died in 1855 was a gentle kindly woman with a distinct literary talent. This character-sketch of Lucy is taken from *Our Village*, a series of charming sketches of rural life, flavoured with delicate humour and unmistakably feminine throughout. *Our Village* is one of the first books written which show the poetry of every-day life in the country. This is a delightful character-sketch of a devoted loyal maid-servant in a 19th century English family. Lucy's gentleness, her devotion, her loyalty, her light and pleasant temper, her amusing ignorance, her gaiety and good humour which made her a most welcome visitor in every shop, her gossipy nature with a genius for picking up news, her aptness to take offence where none was intended, her habit of banging doors after her, her fear of ghosts, her pleasure in her house, kept miraculously clean and orderly, are all so lovingly, intimately and humorously sketched that Lucy appears to us to be more a personal acquaintance than a character in a book.]

About a twelve month ago we had the misfortune to lose a very faithful and favourite female servant; one who has spoiled us for all others. Nobody can expect to meet with two Lucys. We all loved Lucy—poor Lucy! She did not die—she only married; but we were so sorry to part with her, that her wedding, which was kept at our house, was almost as tragical as a funeral, and from pure regret and affection we sum up her merits, and bemoan our loss, just as if she had really departed this life.

Lucy's praise is a most fertile theme. In the first place, she was exceedingly agreeable to look at; remarkably pretty. She lived in our family eleven years; but, having come to us very young, was still under thirty, just in full bloom, and a very brilliant

bloom it was. Her figure was rather tall and rather large, with delicate hands and feet, and a remarkable ease and vigour in her motions; I never saw any woman walk so fast or so well. Her face was round and dimpled, with sparkling grey eyes, black eyebrows and eyelashes, a profusion of dark hair, very red lips, very white teeth, and a complexion that entirely took away the look of vulgarity which the breadth and flatness of her face might otherwise have given. Such a complexion, so pure, so finely grained, so healthily fair, with such a sweet rosiness, brightening and varying like her dancing eyes whenever she spoke or smiled! When silent, she was almost pale; but, to confess the truth, she was not often silent. Lucy liked talking, and everybody liked to hear her talk. There is always great freshness and originality in an uneducated and quick-witted person, who surprises one continually by unsuspected knowledge or amusing ignorance; and Lucy had a real talent for conversation. Her light and pleasant temper, her cleverness, her universal kindness, and the admirable address, or, rather, the excellent feeling, with which she contrived to unite the most perfect respect with the most cordial and affectionate interest, gave a singular charm to her prattle. She had another qualification for village society—she was an incomparable gossip, had a rare genius for picking up news, and great liberality in its diffusion. Births, deaths, marriages, casualties, quarrels, battles, scandal—nothing came amiss to her. She could have furnished a weekly paper from her own stores of facts, without once resorting for assistance to the courts of law or the two houses of parliament. It was a little mortifying,

when one came prepared with something very recent and surprising, something that should have made her start with astonishment, to find her fully acquainted with the story, and able to furnish you with twenty particulars that you had never heard of. But this evil had its peculiar compensation. By Lucy's aid I passed with everybody, but Lucy herself, for a woman of great information, an excellent authority, an undoubted reference in all matters of gossip. Now I lag miserably behind the time; I never hear of a death till after the funeral, nor of a wedding till I read it in the papers; and, when people talk of reports and rumours, they undo me. I should be obliged to run away from the tea tables, if I had not taken the resolution to look wise and say nothing, and live on my old reputation.

Scattered amongst her great merits Lucy had a few small faults, as all persons should have. She had occasionally an aptness to take offence where none was intended, and then the whole house bore audible testimony to her displeasure: she used to scour through half-a-dozen doors in a minute, for the mere purpose of banging them after her. She had rather more fears than were quite convenient of ghosts and witches, and thunder, and various other real and unreal sights and sounds, and thought nothing of rousing half the family, in the middle of the night, at the first symptom of a thunderstorm, or an apparition. She had a terrible genius for music, and a tremendously powerful shrill, high voice. Oh! her door-clapping was nothing to her singing! it ran through one's head like the screams of a peacock. Lastly, she was a sad flirt; she had about twenty

lovers whilst she lived with us, probably more, but upwards of twenty she acknowledged. And yet the pendulum might have continued to vibrate many times longer, had it not been fixed by the athletic charms of a gigantic London tailor, a superb man, really; black-haired, black-eyed, six feet high, and large in proportion. He came to improve the country fashions, and fixed his shop-board in a cottage so near us that his garden was only divided from our lawn by a plantation full of acacias and honey suckles, where "the air smelt wooingly." It followed, of course, that he should make love to Lucy, and that Lucy should listen. All was speedily settled; as soon as he should be established in a good business, which, from his incomparable talent at cutting out, nobody could doubt, they were to be married. Just as he had obtained Lucy's consent to the marriage, he walked off one fair morning, and was never heard of more. Lucy's absorbing feeling on this catastrophe was astonishment, pure, unmixed astonishment! One would have thought that she considered fickleness as a female privilege, and had never heard of a man deserting a woman in her life. For three days she could only wonder; then came great indignation, and a little, a very little grief, which showed itself not so much in her words, which were chiefly such disclaimers as "I don't care! very lucky! happy escape!" and so on, as in her goings and doings, her aversion to the poor acacia grove, and even to the sight and smell of honeysuckles, her total loss of memory, and above all, in the distaste she showed to new conquests. She paid her faithless suitor the compliment of remaining loverless for three weary months; she cried

every day for a fortnight, and had not her successor in office, the new housemaid, arrived, I do not really believe that the next lover would have shared the fate of the many successors to the unfortunate tailor.

I hope that her choice has been fortunate; it is certainly very different from what we all expected. The happy man had been a neighbour, and on his removal to a greater distance the marriage took place. Poor dear Lucy! her spouse is the greatest possible contrast to herself; ten years younger at the very least; well-looking, but with no expression good or bad—I don't think he could smile if he would—assuredly he never tries. You might guess a mile off that he was a school-master from the swelling pomposity of gait, the solemn decorum of manner, the affection of age and wisdom, which contrast so oddly with his young unmeaning face. He is fond of her, nevertheless, in his own cold, slow way. I cannot forgive him for taking Lucy away in the first place and making her a school-mistress in the second.

With all her dislike to keeping school, the dear Lucy seems happy. In addition to the merciful spirit of conformity, which shapes the mind to the situation, whatever that may be, she has many sources of vanity and comfort—her house above all. It is a very respectable dwelling, finely placed on the edge of a large common, close to a high road, with a pretty flower-court before it. The inside is full of comfort; miraculously clean and orderly for a village school and with a little touch of very allowable finery in the gay window-curtains, the cupboard full of pretty china, the handsome chairs, the bright mahogany

table, the shining tea-urn, and brilliant tea-tray, that decorate the parlour. What a pleasure it is to see Lucy presiding in that parlour, in all the glory of her honest affection and warm hospitality, making tea for the three guests whom she loves best in the world, vaunting with courteous pride her home-made bread and her fresh butter, yet thinking nothing good enough for the occasion; smiling and glowing, and looking the very image of beautiful happiness. Such a moment almost consoles us for losing her.

Lucy's pleasure is in her house; mine is in its situation. The common on which it stands is one of a series of healthy hills, or rather a high table-land, pierced in one part by a ravine of marshy ground filled with alder bushes, growing larger and larger as the valley widens, and at last mixing with the fine old oaks of the forest of P.....Nothing can be more delightful than to sit on the steep brow of the hill, amongst the fragrant heath-flowers, the blue bells, and the wild thyme, and look upon the sea of trees spreading out beneath us; the sluggish water just peeping from amid the alders, giving brightly back the bright blue sky; and farther down, herds of rough ponies, and of small stunted cows, the wealth of the poor, coming up from the forest. Farther on, beyond the pretty parsonage-house, with its short avenue, its fish-ponds, and the magnificent poplars which form a landmark for many miles round, rise the rock-like walls of the old city of S——, one of the most perfect Roman remains now existing in England. But the beauty of the place is independent even of its noble associations.

I know no pleasure so intense, so soothing, so apt to bring sweet tears into the eyes, or to awaken thoughts that "lie too deep for tears," as a walk round the old city on a fine summer evening. A ride to S—— was always delightful to me, even before it became the residence of Lucy; it is now my prime festival.

—*Mary Russell Mitford.*

XIII

THE LOST CHILD

[Mulk Raj Anand was born in 1907 in Peshawar. He has achieved success both as an art critic and a novelist. **Two Leaves and a Bud**, **The Coolie**, **Untouchable**, **The Sword and the Sickle** are some of his novels which deal with the social problems of our land. He writes sensitive, idiomatic English and the sympathy and interest with which he interprets his people make the reading of his book a delightful pastime. This story—one of the few—gives us a picture of a lost child. The old banyan tree, neem and champak, Gulab-Jaman, Rasgulla, Burfi and Jaleebi, the garland of gulmohur, the sweetmeat seller, the flower seller, the juggler—all these take us into the very heart of Hindustan which we love and adore.]

It was the festival of spring. From the wintry shades of narrow lanes and alleys emerged a gaily clad humanity, thick as a swarm of bright-coloured rabbits issuing from a warren. They entered the flooded sea of sparkling silver sunshine outside the city gates and sped towards the fair. Some walked, some rode on horses, others sat, being carried in bamboo and bullock carts. One little boy ran between his parent's legs, brimming over with life and laughter. The joyous morning gave greetings and unashamed invitations to all to come away into the fields, full of flowers and songs.

'Come, child, come,' called his parents, as he lagged behind arrested by the toys in the shops that lined the way.

He hurried towards his parents, his feet obedient to their call, his eyes still lingering on the receding toys. As he came to where they had stopped to wait for him he could not suppress the desire of his heart, even though he well knew the old, cold state of refusal in their eyes.

'I want that toy,' he pleaded.

His father looked at him red-eyed, in his familiar tyrant's way. His mother, melted by the free spirit of the day, was tender, and giving him her finger to catch, said: 'Look, child, what is before you.'

The faint disgust of the child's unfulfilled desire had hardly been quelled in the heavy, pouting sob of a breath, 'm-o-th-er,' when the pleasure of what was before him filled his eager eyes. They had left the dusty road on which they had walked so far. It wended its weary way circuitously to the north. They had come upon a footpath in a field.

It was a flowering mustard field, pale like melting gold as it swept across miles and miles of even land—a river of yellow liquid, light, ebbing and falling with each fresh eddy of wild wind, and straying in places into broad rich tributary streams, yet running in a constant sunny sweep towards the distant mirage of an ocean of silver light. Where it ended, on one side a cluster of low, mud-walled houses, thrown into relief by a dense crowd of yellow-robed men and women from which arose a high-pitched sequence of whistling, creaking, squeaking, roaring,

humming noises, sweeping across the groves to the blue-throated sky like the weird, strange sound of Siva's mad laughter.

The child looked up to his father and mother, saturated with the shrill joy and wonder of this vast glory, and feeling that they, too, wore the evidence of this pure delight in their faces, he left the footpath and plunged headlong into the field, prancing like a young colt, his small feet timing with the fitful gusts of wind that came rich with the fragrance of more distant fields.

A group of dragon-flies were bustling about on their gaudy purple wings, intercepting the flight of a lone black bee or butterfly in search of sweetness from the flowers. The child followed them in the air with his gaze, till one of them would fold his wings and rest, and he would try to catch it. But it would go on fluttering, flapping, up into the air, when he had almost caught it in his hands. One bold black bee, having evaded capture, sought to tempt him by whining round his ear and nearly settled on his lips, when his mother gave a cautionary call: 'Come, child, come, come on to the footpath.'

He ran towards his parents gaily and walked abreast of them for a while, being, however, soon left behind, attracted by the little insects and worms along the footpath that were teeming out from their hiding-places to enjoy the sunshine.

'Come, child, come!' his parents called from the shade of a grove where they had seated themselves on the edge of a well. He ran towards them.

An old banyan here outstretched its powerful arms

over the blossoming jack and jaman and neem and champak and serisha and cast its shadows across beds of golden cassis and crimson gulmohur as an old grandmother spreads her skirts over her young ones. But the blushing blossoms freely offered their adoration to the Sun in spite of their protecting chaperon, by half covering themselves and the sweet perfume of their pollen mingled with the soft, cool breeze that came and went in little puffs, only to be wafted aloft by a stronger breeze.

A shower of young flowers fell upon the child as he entered the grove, and, forgetting his parents, he began to gather the raining petals in his hands. But lo! he heard the cooing of the doves and ran towards his parents, shouting: 'The dove! The dove!' The raining petals dropped from his forgotten hands. A curious look was in his parents' faces till a koel struck out a note of love and released their pent-up souls.

'Come, child, come!' they called to the child, who had now gone running in wild capers round the banyan tree, and gathering him up they took the narrow, winding footpath which led to the fair through the mustard fields.

As they neared the village the child could see many other footpaths full of throngs, converging to the whirlpool of the fair, and felt at once repelled and fascinated by the confusion of the world he was entering.

A sweetmeat seller hawked: 'Gulab-jaman, rasgula, burfi, jalebi,' at the corner of the entrance, and a crowd pressed round his counter at the foot of an architecture of many-coloured sweets, decorated with

leaves of silver and gold. The child stared open-eyed and his mouth watered for the burfi that was his favourite sweet. 'I want that burfi,' he slowly murmured. But he half knew as he begged that his plea would not be heeded because his parents would say he was greedy. So without waiting for an answer he moved on.

A flower-seller hawked: 'A garland of gulmohur, a garland of gulmohur.' The child seemed irresistibly drawn by the implacable sweetness of the scents that came floating on the wings of the languid air. He went towards the basket where the flowers lay heaped and half murmured. 'I want that garland.' But he well knew his parents would refuse to buy him those flowers because they would say they were cheap. So without waiting for an answer he moved on.

A man stood holding a pole with yellow, red, green and purple balloons flying from it. The child was simply carried away by the rainbow glory of their silken colours and he was possessed by an overwhelming desire to possess them all. But he well knew his parents would never buy him the balloons because they would say he was too old to play with such toys. So he walked on farther.

A juggler stood playing a flute to a snake which coiled itself in a basket, its head raised in a graceful bend like the neck of a swan, while the music stole into its invisible ears like the gentle rippling of a miniature waterfall. The child went towards the juggler. But knowing his parents had forbidden him to hear such coarse music as the jugglers played he proceeded farther.

There was a roundabout in full swing. Men, women, and children, carried away in a whirling motion, shrieked and cried with dizzy laughter. The child watched them intently going round and round, a pink blush of a smile on his face, his eyes rippling with the same movement, his lips parted in amazement, till he felt that he himself was being carried round. The ring seemed to go fiercely at first, then gradually it began to move less fast. Presently the child, rapt, finger in his mouth, beheld it stop. This time, before his overpowering love for the anticipated sensation of movement had been chilled by the thought of his parents' eternal denial, he made a request: 'I want to go on the roundabout, please, father, mother.'

There was no reply. He turned to look at his parents. They were not there, ahead of him. He turned to look on either side. They were not there. He looked behind. There was no sign of them.

A full, deep cry rose within his dry throat and with a sudden jerk of his body he ran from where he stood, crying in red fear, 'Mother, father!' Tears rolled down from his eyes, hot and fierce; his flushed face was convulsed with fear. Panic-stricken, he ran to one side first, then to the other, hither and thither in all directions, knowing not where to go. 'Mother, father!' he wailed with a moist shrill breath now, his throat wet with swallowing his spittle. His yellow turban came untied and his clothes wet with perspiration, became muddy where the dust had mixed with the sweat of his body. His light frame seemed heavy as a mass of lead.

Having run to and fro in a rage of running for a while he stood defeated, his cries suppressed into sobs. At little distances on the green grass he could see through his filmy eyes, men and women talking. He tried to look intently among the patches of bright yellow clothes, but there was no sign of his father and mother among these people, who seemed to laugh and talk just for the sake of laughing and talking.

He ran hotly again, this time to a shrine to which people seemed to be crowding. Every little inch of space here was congested with men but he ran through people's legs, his little sob lingering: 'Mother, father!' Near the entrance to the temple, however, the crowd became very thick: men jostled each other, heavy men, with flashing, murderous eyes and hefty shoulders. The poor child struggled to thrust a way between their feet but, knocked to and fro by their brutal movements, he might have been trampled underfoot had he not shrieked at the highest pitch of his voice: 'Father, mother!' A man in the surging crowd heard his cry and, stooping with great difficulty, lifted him up in his arms.

'How did you get here, child? Whose baby are you?' the man asked as he steered clear of the mass. The child wept more bitterly than ever now and only cried: 'I want my mother, I want my father!'

The man tried to soothe him by taking him to the round-about. 'Will you have a little lift on the horse?' he gently asked as he approached the ring. The child's throat tore into a thousand shrill sobs and he only shouted: 'I want my mother, I want my father!'

The man headed towards the place where the juggler still played on the flute to the dancing cobra. 'Listen to that nice music, child,' he pleaded. But the child shut his ears with his fingers and shouted his double-pitched strain: 'I want my mother, I want my father!' The man took him near the balloons, thinking the bright colours of the balls would distract the child's attention and quieten him. 'Would you like a rainbow-coloured balloon?' he persuasively asked. The child turned his eyes from the flying balloons and just sobbed: 'I want my mother, I want my father.'

The man, still importunate in his kindly desire to make the child happy, bore him to the gate where the flower-seller sat. 'Look! Can you smell those nice flowers, child? Would like a garland to put round your neck?' The child turned his nose away from the basket and reiterated his sob: 'I want my mother, I want my father.'

Thinking to humour his disconsolate charge by a gift of sweets, the man took him to the counter of the sweet shop. 'What sweets would you like, child?' he asked. The child turned his face from the sweets shop and only sobbed: 'I want my mother, I want my father.'

—Mulk Raj Anand.

XIV

ON A BROOMSTICK

[This lesson is a specimen of the art of autobiography. Hardly any experience is more fascinating than to hear an inanimate object narrating its life story. Close observation, selection, sympathy, humour, frankness, a point of view, and narrative art will make a good autobiography of this kind. No object, however insignificant, is prosaic or unromantic. The writer makes us see beautiful significance, without effort or strain in the commonest, aye, the dirtiest of everyday things—a broomstick. Romance is everywhere. "Lift the stone and you shall find me: cut the wood and there am I." This lesson will encourage children with an imaginative bent of mind, to find beautiful significance, behind everything in the world—everything from the largest to the smallest, from the loveliest to the ugliest, from the stars in the sky to the particle of dust on a bookshelf.]

O Lord, what a fall from a giddy height to the lowest depth of despair!

Once I was a part of a stately palm-tree standing like a giant warder of the plain. My shining green leaves were weaving to and fro and enjoying the cool sea-breezes. I enjoyed from this lofty eminence the grand panorama of green meadows, lovely cottages, blue hills and silvery rivers. My companions were the clouds, the birds of the air, and the lightning.

In course of time I grew old and fell from the top of the tree to the ground below. I was then taken by a man who chopped me, strangulated me, and gave me the present shape. For several days I was hanging on a long staff in a vendor's shop along with my friends who were fellow-sufferers. One by one my companions disappeared and I knew not what happened to them.

One day a tart, embittered sharp-tongued woman approached the shop, took a fancy for me and took me away to her house in a dirty lane. I was used for sweeping the floor, for removing the dust and dirt from corners. I thought of the glorious days when I enjoyed the pure balmy air away from the dirt and dust of the world, and shed silent tears in the dark corner to which I was relegated.

"I look before and after and pine for what is not." I consoled myself with the thought that I was doing a great service to humanity by keeping things clean and promoting health. I wore myself out in the service of humanity.

All the same I had my moments of joy. One day while I was lying in a corner of the house, a group of children approached me, took me up, soaked me in lime water, and white-washed the face of a maid-servant sleeping in the verandah. The children ran away with a peal of laughter leaving me behind, and the maid servant emptied all her wrath on me.

I was tied by my mistress to a long bamboo to remove cobwebs from the ceiling. The street boys finding me a good weapon to catch kites, carried me from street to street and from dunghill to dunghill and caught many a falling kite. I felt for a while that I regained my lost freedom, but my joy was only short-lived. My mistress snatched me away from the boys and threw me back into a dark dingy corner.

By nature I was non-violent, but my mistress who was a termagant woman had endless quarrels with her neighbours, used me to beat her enemies. My master was kind and gentle. Once or twice he intervened saying "My dear, you should not take the law into

your own hands." That was enough, he was not allowed to finish the sentence. Down came the staff with the broom on him, and he, poor fellow, had to beat retreat. I would have liked to play with the pet dog in the neighbourhood but as soon as he appeared on the threshold, my mistress would lift me up and point me to the dog who sneaked away putting his tail between his legs.

I was lying in a corner, old, weary, worn and broken, brooding over my cruel fate, when a cat taking advantage of my mistress's absence, ran away with me, I thought my deliverance was near, but other cats ran after her and broke me to pieces. All my broken limbs were worm-eaten in course of time. I was reduced to dust. "Dust thou art, to dust returnest." I am now a part of the mighty globe that revolves round the sun. I am now made one with the spirit of nature. "The One remains, the many change and pass."

—S. M. Wadia.

XV

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY

[Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in 1800. In 1834 Macaulay came to India as the legal adviser of the Supreme Council. While in India he drafted the Indian Penal Code, and was responsible for introduction of the present system of education. After his return to England he began writing his History of England. He died in 1859. The History of England is Macaulay's masterpiece. Only five volumes of the work were finished. So thoroughly did Macaulay go into the details that these five volumes cover only sixteen years. He aims at making history as fascinating as a romance.]

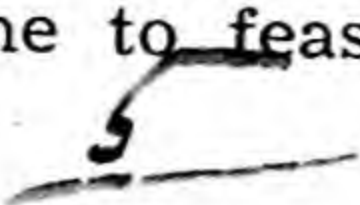
Because of his many foolish acts James II lost the throne of England and fled to France. The next year however he landed at Kinsale in the south of Ireland, hoping that with Ireland as a base, and with the help of an army from France, he might be able to drive William III out of England and make himself King again. The people of the south and east of Ireland rose in his favour. The people of the north rose against him. The gates of Londonderry were closed against his army. The siege of Londonderry which held out for fifteen weeks against an overwhelming force, is described by Macaulay with so much of vigour and animation that it reads like a ballad in prose. Paragraph after paragraph in due connection and succession bring before us, the ravages caused by war, famine and pestilence, the intense misery of the people, their elation at the sight of ships, their despondence at hopes deferred, their stubborn resistance, their shouts of triumph, and the tears with which grace was said over the supper that evening. The scene is of itself a story—finished, continuous, self-contained, passing smoothly and swiftly on to its closing catastrophe. Macaulay throws himself so heartily into the spirit of the scene that his word-pictures almost startle us by their vivid reality. What gives distinction to Macaulay's work is his literary style. His supreme merit is clearness. The words are carefully chosen, correctly combined and skilfully arranged. Clearness he promotes by emphasis and repetition. The short sentence is the distinctive feature of his style. It secures simplicity, emphasis, animation and hurries the reader along with eager swiftness.]

The operations now commenced in earnest. The besiegers began by battering the town. It was soon on fire in several places. Roofs and upper stories of houses fell in, and crushed the inmates. During a short time the garrison, many of whom had never before seen the effect of a cannonade, seemed to be discomposed by the crash of chimneys, and by the heaps of ruin mingled with disfigured corpses. But familiarity with danger and horror produced in a few hours the natural effect. The spirit of the people rose so high that their chiefs thought it safe to act on the offensive. On the twenty-first of April a sally was made under the command of Murray. The Irish stood their ground resolutely; and a furious and bloody contest took place.

On the nineteenth of June Rosen arrived at the headquarters of the besieging army. At first he attempted to undermine the walls; but his plan was discovered; and he was compelled to abandon it after a sharp fight, in which more than a hundred of his men were slain. Then his fury rose to a strange pitch. He, an old soldier, a Marshal of France in expectancy, trained in the school of the greatest generals, accustomed, during many years, to scientific war, to be baffled by a mob of country gentlemen, farmers, shopkeepers, who were protected only by a wall which any good engineer would at once have pronounced untenable! He raved, he blasphemed, in a language of his own, made up of all the dialects spoken from the Baltic to the Atlantic. He would raze the city to the ground; he would spare no living thing; no, not the young girls; not the babies at the breast. As to the leaders, death was too light a punish-

ment for them: he would rack them: he would roast them alive. In his rage he ordered a shell to be flung into the town with a letter containing a horrible menace. But the only effect ~~was~~ to rouse that spirit to still greater energy. Londonderry held out as resolutely as ever.

By this time ~~July~~ was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in: one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack ~~was~~ still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and ~~was~~ doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides ~~was~~ considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast, that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were



eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. Even in that extremity the general cry ~~was~~, "No surrender." And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other." It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes ~~which~~ followed him ~~with~~ cannibal looks ~~whenever~~ he appeared in the streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle.

But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the Mountjoy. The master, Micaiah Browning a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions.

It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had just set: the evening sermon in the cathedral was over: and the heart-broken congregation had separated; when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp.

The Mountjoy began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began: but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the Mountjoy grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days.

It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the

nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilisation, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution.

—*Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

XVI

THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ—PART I

[Charlotte M. Younge was born in 1823 at the village of Otterbourne near Winchester in the country of Hampshire. She was fond of history and the loneliness of her life in the quiet country caused her to think and to picture in her own mind the events and people of the past. Her tales are written for young readers. Her object was to teach as well as amuse. In all her tales she tries to inspire a sense of duty and to show that the greatest deed a man can do in this life is to devote himself to the welfare of others.]

The Pass of Thermopylæ narrates the thrilling story of Leonidas who braced himself to perish for his Country's sake in that "narrow, marshy coast road, under the brow of wooded crags, with the sea by his side." The Great King—as the Greeks called him—launched a countless host against the little cluster of states. The only hope against the aggressor was to defend such passages as from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once. Leonidas, one of the two Kings of Sparta, makes up his mind to take an expeditionary force at Thermopylæ to fight the enemy. He refuses to listen to the sage counsels and decides with his Spartans to "die at their post." "To night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto." The result was, of course, a great tragedy—"not one living man remained amongst them when the sun went down." And thus, he earns for himself an undying fame,—“more enduring than stone or brass has been the name of Leonidas.” C. M. Younge appears to be telling us through this soul-stirring story that our aim in life should be to serve our fellow beings. Our work may be insignificant, but if we do our best, not because we hope to be rewarded but because it is work that needs to be done, we may be sure that we are following the path of heroes.]

There was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshalling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the Eastern Mediterranean. Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion. "All people, nations, and languages," was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skilful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen witted, active native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortal. His many capitals—Babylon the great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like—were names of dreamy splendour to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court. And the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which together would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm!

Moreover, it was a war not only on the men but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire, they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every temple that fell in their way. Death and desolation were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands—slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his, but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that which lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of subjugation. A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider the best means of defence. The ships of the enemy would coast round the shores of the Ægean sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southwards into Greece. The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look in your map of the Aachipelago, or Ægean Sea, as it was then

called, for the great island of Negropont, or by its old name, Eubœa. It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it, upon the main land, and between the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Oeta rose up and barred their way. Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the sea-shore, that in two places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable malass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side. These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space; but in this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates. A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thesians and Phœnicians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with one another; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phœnicians had found out that there was a very steep narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent, by which it was possible to cross from one territory to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the further

side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the Isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities, and amounted to about 4,000, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had newly become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame. Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the Temple at Delphi that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him 300 men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed. These Spartans, with their helots or slaves, made up his own share of the numbers, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the 300 celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out, lest they should be deprived of them by the enemy, since, as we have already seen, it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed. Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife, Gorgo, was not a woman to be faint-hearted or hold him back. Long before, when she was a very

little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the King of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved **that they must come home from battle "with the shield or on it"—either carrying it victoriously or borne upon it as a corpse.**

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phœnicians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut woods of Mount Oeta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country like locusts, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept the other Peloponnesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoitre the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it and on the ramparts, he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports, and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen. Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan Prince,

named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counsellor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would, however, not believe that so petty a force could intend to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leapt off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backwards; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named Hydarnes, was sent off at nightfall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hill-side. In the stillness of the air, at daybreak, the Phœnician guards of the path were

startled by the crackling of the chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was discharged on them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

XVII

THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ—PART II

As day dawned, morning light showed the watchers of the Grecian camp below glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened; but it was not the sparkle of water, but the shine of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears! Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over to the wall from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern Gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before midday, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Him Leonidas ordered to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary tone of mind in leaving a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while yet the way was open. As to himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such

a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycenæ and the 700 Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also 400 Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two million of enemies were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the helots or attendants on the 300 Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each. Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself, claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that "he had come to fight, not to carry letters"; and the other, that "his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know." Another Spartan named Dionices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade." Two of the 300 had been sent to a neighbouring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them called Eurytus, put on his armour, and commanded his helot to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus, was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and had husbanded the lives of his men; but he now desired

to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began. The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips! Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain. Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus enclosed on all sides. The Spartans and Thespians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they came towards the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given to them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The helots probably at this time escaped into the mountains; while the small desperate band stood side by side on the hill still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with dagger, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained amongst them when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were 8,000. It must have been with a somewhat failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared to oppose him! and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set up upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except 1,000, should first be put out of sight. The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead.

The Greeks then united in doing honour to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. On the little hillock of the last resistance was placed the figure of a stone lion, in memory of Leonidas.

Lion, pillars, and inscriptions have all long since passed away, even the very spot itself has changed; new soil has been formed, and there are miles of solid ground between Mount Oeta and the gulf, so that the Hot Gates no longer exist. But more enduring than stone or brass—nay, than the very battle-field—has been the name of Leonidas. Two thousand three hundred years have sped since he braced himself to perish for his country's sake in that narrow, marshy coast road, under the brow of the wooded crags, with the sea by his side. Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermophylæ, and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory!

—C. M. Younge.

XVIII

ON EARLY RISING

[The essay bears the same relation to the general body of prose as the lyric does to the general body of poetry. It expresses the writer's own personal thoughts and feelings. It is not an exhaustive treatment of a subject. The essay, as a critic puts it, should set out to prove nothing, but may illuminate everything. The Essay On Early Rising by Alpha of the Plough was written under the gloomy nightmare of war. The author says, "Spiritually I am an early riser. I have a passion for the dawn and the dew on the grass," and then he proceeds to weave a web of whimsical arguments to prove that sluggards have also a case. Alpha of the Plough takes a sort of mischievous delight in, upsetting the idols worshipped by the older generation. Humorous jibes of the author at the early-starters give the essay its peculiar flavour. The author is seeking an escape from reality through laughter. As a good essayist, Alpha does not lose either his sense of proportion or his sense of humour, and it is these qualities which make his essay On Early Rising such a delightful reading. He writes in a style at once easy and graceful, homely and poetical.]

There is no period of the year when my spirit is so much at war with the flesh as this. For the winter is over, and the woods are browning and the choristers of the fields are calling me to matins—and I do not go. Spiritually I am an early riser. I have a passion for the dawn and the dew on the grass, and the "early pipe of half-awakened birds."

Though I am spiritually a son of the morning, I am physically a sluggard. There are some people who are born with a gift for early rising. I was born with a genius for lying in bed. I can go to bed as late as anybody, and have no joy in a company that begins to yawn and grow drowsy about ten o'clock. But in the early rising handicap I am not a starter.

A merciful providence has given me a task that keeps me working far into the night and makes breakfast and the newspaper in bed a matter of duty. No words can express the sense of secret satisfaction with which I wake and realise that I haven't to get up, that stern duty bids me lie a little longer, listening to the comfortable household noises down below and the cheerful songs outside.

I know there are many people who have to catch early morning buses and trams who would envy me if they knew my luck. For the ignoble family of sluggards is numerous. It includes many distinguished men. It includes saints as well as sages. That moral paragon, Dr. Arnold, was one of them; Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," was another. Bishop Selwyn even put the duty of lying in bed on a moral plane. "I did once rise early," he said, "but I felt so vain all the morning and so sleepy all the afternoon that I determined not to do it again." He stayed in bed to mortify his pride, to make himself humble. And is not humility one of the cardinal virtues of a good Christian? I have fancied myself that people who rise early are slightly self-righteous. They can't help feeling a little scornful of us sluggards. And we know it. Humility is the badge of all our tribe. We are not proud of lying in bed. We are ashamed—and happy. The noblest sluggard of us all has stated our case for us. "No man practises so well as he writes," said Dr. Johnson. "I have all my life been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good."

Of course we pay the penalty. We do not catch

the early worm. When we turn out all the bargains have gone, and we are left only with the odds and ends. From a practical point of view, we have no defence. We know that an early start is the secret of success. It used to be said of the Duke of Newcastle that he always went about as though he had got up half an hour late, and was trying all day to catch it up. And history has recorded what a grotesque failure he was in politics. When someone asked Nelson for the secret of his success he replied: "Well, you see, I always manage to be a quarter of an hour in front of the other fellow." And the recipe holds good to-day. When the inner history of the battle of the Falkland Islands is told in detail it will be found that it was the early start insisted on by the one man of military genius and vision we have produced in this war that gave us that priceless victory.

And if you have ever been on a walking tour or a cycling tour you know that early rising is the key of the business. Start early and you are master of your programme and your fate. You can linger by the way, take a dip in the mountain tarn, lie under the shadow of a great rock in the hot afternoon, and arrive at the valley inn in comfortable time for the evening meal. Start late and you are the slave of the hours.

No, whether from the point of view of business or pleasure, wordly wisdom or spiritual satisfaction, there is nothing to be said in our defence. We sluggards had better make a clean breast of the business. We lie in bed because we like it. Just that. Nothing more. We like it. We claim no virtue, ask no indul-

gence, accept with humility the rebukes of the strenuous.

As for me, I have a licence—nay, I have more; I have a duty. It is my duty to lie in bed o' mornings until the day is well aired. For I burn the midnight oil, and the early blackbird—the first of our choir to awake—has often saluted me on my way home. Therefore I lie in bed in the morning looking at the ceiling and listening to the sounds of the busy world without a twinge of conscience. If you were listening, you would hear me laugh softly to myself as I give the pillow another shake and thank providence for having given me a job that enables me to enjoy the privileges of the sluggard without incurring the odium that he so richly deserves.

—*Alpha of the Plough.*

XIX

THE GOLDEN TEMPLE

The headquarters of the Sikh religion are at Amritsar in the Punjab, and their Holy of Holies is the gorgeous Golden Temple, which attracts thousands of devout Sikhs from all parts, and which alone will repay the visit of the tourist to this busy market and manufacturing town of the North. The Golden Temple is situated on a small island in the middle of a lake of beautifully clear water, from which the town, Amritsar (Water of Immorality) gets its name. The tank and temple were built by Ram Das, the fourth Sikh Guru in the latter half of the sixteenth century. They were destroyed by the Muhammadans

in the eighteenth century, but were rebuilt with increased magnificence. The tank is over 400 feet square, and has a handsome marble pavement all round it. Numbers of Sadhus, devotees and mendicants, frequent the precincts of the tank, and some spend their whole lives here. Multitudes of pilgrims come to profit by the healing properties of the water, and by their offerings help to keep up the large establishment of the place. The temple itself stands on a platform 65 feet square, which is approached by a marble causeway over 200 feet long, through the waters of the tank. The lower part of the temple is of decorated and inlaid white marble, and the superstructure is of gilded copper, which glints and glows and glistens in the rays of the Eastern sun. The Sikhs abhor idol worship, so the central feature in this building is their Holy Book, the "Granth," which lies open on a gorgeous canopy on the east side, and is approached with marks of profound veneration by all the worshippers. The walls are covered with texts from it in the Gurumukhi script. Little offerings of sugar and cardamom are made to the visitor, who may give a silver coin in return. It is obligatory for the visitor to remove his boots before entering the temple; among Easterners it is a heinous offence for anyone to pollute a holy place by entering it wearing boots, which are presumably soiled with the impurities of the streets, and the visitor should always aim at avoiding offending the susceptibilities of the people.

There are numerous other objects to be seen, all connected with the history or religion of the Sikhs. One interesting act of initiation of new disciples points back to the time when the young men were

enlisted to fight for their faith against aggression. The novice drinks water which trickles from a sword over which it is poured. He vows to defend his faith with his life-blood. Guru Nanak, the founder of the Sikh faith, was born on the banks of the river Ravi, near Lahore, in A.D. 1467. He was a philosopher of a deeply religious cast of mind, and, puzzled and distressed by the conflict of faiths which he saw around him, conceived the idea of founding a faith which, by combining the best points of the Muhammadan and Hindu religions, should draw all men together into one fold. Like others who have attempted similar projects, he failed in this, but succeeded in founding a new religion, and adding one more to the faiths of the world. His tenth successor in the post of Guru, or spiritual leader of the people, was Guru Gobind Singh, and under him the Sikh religion took on an entirely new phase. He organised his followers into a military sect, and gave them the name of "Singh," or lions. Young Sikhs were formed into one of the most remarkable military brotherhoods India has ever seen, and thus was evolved that fine martial race of the Punjab, from which the Indian army recruits some of its smartest regiments. The Sikhs are never allowed to use scissors or razor to their hair, so they can be readily recognised by their long hair tied up in a knot on the top of their head, and by the voluminous and tastefully folded turban which covers it, and which they almost constantly wear. They are tall, stalwart fellows, unsurpassed in height or physique by any men in the Indian army.

—T. L. Pennel.

XX

SHRIMATI RAMABAI RANADE

[The life story of Mrs. Ramabai Ranade is taken from a book, called **Women in Modern India**. Ramabai Ranade was the founder and President of the now famous Seva Sadan at Poona. She rendered useful service in the field of women's emancipation. She fought orthodoxy and gave Indian womanhood a chance of casting off the enslaving shackles of custom. Miss S. Sorabji describes here the life-story of Shrimati Ramabai Ranade in a prose that has charm and grace. The biography is appropriately limned against a social background.]

Ramabai Ranade, the founder and President of the now famous Seva Sadan of Poona, was born in a little hill-girt town in the Konkan, of a family whose faithful service to the Peshwas had won for them a Jagir in Devarashtra.

We picture the little Brahmin maiden, sitting on her father's knee, listening wide-eyed to his stories of saints and gods and spirits. It was in such a wholesome, unselfish atmosphere that Ramabai learned her first lessons of love for her fellow-men.

When Justice Ranade decided to educate his girl-wife, he set himself a task in which he had many opponents in his own household. She had to suffer quiet, but bitter persecution from the orthodox old women in her own house. But she allowed nothing to deter her from the course her husband had laid down for her. The bitter taunts she heard downstairs could not damp the joy she felt as she sat upstairs, and recited Sanskrit Shlokas, or read Meadows Taylor's thrilling "Tara" or "Sita" aloud to the Judge. What did it matter if, after a joyous afternoon at one of Pandita Ramabai's lectures, she, on

coming home, was outcasted, so to speak, and not allowed to help in the culinary operations of the women of the family, until she had had a bath of purification? Every time she went out she was compelled by orthodox women in the family to have a bath of purification. Unmurmuringly, she would go to the dark well outside, draw water for the ablutions that would fit her to sit amongst her women relations again.

But the dark water brought on a fever which con-fin ed her to her bed for many a day. Then it was that Jusice Ranade discovered all that she had been enduring and put his foot down on the petty persecutions (that had been going on, under his own roof) of his little girl-wife.

Happy days, however, were in store for her—the Judge was appointed to Nasik, and there, at last, Ramabai had the joy of managing her own house.

But life is made up of sunshine and shadow, and the clouds gathered over Ramabai's horizon, when Justice Ranade, in the course of his duties, contracted cholera in a cholera-infected district. In a public rest-house that faithful young wife nursed him. Who can describe the agony of mind through which she passed in that lonely vigil by the sick man's bed? 'The local doctor declared his pulse was failing, and in her anguish she felt she must seek comfort in prayer; and so she stole out into the gathering darkness and made her way into the little temple in the courtyard, where sad and weary pilgrims for scores of years had sought and found relief in their despair; bowing not so much, surely, to the little stone image there, as to

the great God Who bids us seek His face, and to Whom the heavyladen, stretching forth imploring hands into the darkness, cry "Have mercy on me!" There, in the dimly lighted temple, a weeping woman fell prostrate, and poured out her heart to Him Who alone could help her, and she felt a sudden peace steal over her. Somehow she knew her prayer had been answered, and she stole back to her post at the sick man's side, comforted and strengthened. Thus does the human soul, when it flings itself on God, find Him ever faithful! Mr. Ranade recovered, and it was not till 1901 that he passed away.

Smitten, and well-nigh overwhelmed, Ramabai shut herself up for a little; but then came the thought of the suffering womanhood around her, and it was in that temporary seclusion she consecrated her life to the service of her country-women. Around she gathered a band of women who used together, week by week, to listen to lectures on how to render First Aid to the injured, to work for the poor, and listen to accounts of women in other lands who served their fellows. At any rate the dream became a reality; and one wonderful day she formulated the plans, organised the work which has grown, so marvellously, into the colossal institution known as the Poona Seva Sadan, with its branches all over the Presidency.

How does the mighty oak grow from the little acorn? Who can follow the miraculous process? One can only watch, and wonder, and rejoice.

As early as 1904 at the All-India Women's Conference in Bombay, Mrs. Ranade outlined the nature

of the Social Service she proposed should be carried on, by those whose motto she declared was to be: "*Life is a sacred trust.*" How fully she herself realized her trusteeship, every day of her selfless life proved.

She set forth some of the principal objects of the Seva Sadan, thus:

- (a) To teach and educate women by means of regular classes.
- (b) To widen the range of women's knowledge by means of libraries, lectures, publications, books, magazines.
- (c) To train women to render in a patriotic spirit, educational, medical, and philanthropic service to the motherland, and their brothers and sisters in specially backward areas.

Every one of these objects this brave and noble worker kept in view throughout the fifteen years that God spared her to preside over the destinities and welfare of this Institution, which is the joy and pride of every woman in India who has had the privilege of watching its development and marking its progress. It was due to her inspiration and influence alone, that high caste Hindu widows and girls volunteered to take up a work that, above all others, is crying out to be done in India.

There was hardly a phase of work to which she and her workers did not turn their attention. To the Home, with its wide-open doors, came widows who sought hope and comfort, and found it in serving others; young girls with aims and hopes, and a longing to fit themselves for a wider life; little children

who needed protection and love; and sick and sorrowful who claimed aid and advice. For all and sundry the Seva Sadan had help. Mrs. Ranade, the loving mother and sympathizer, opened her heart and protecting arms to all!

It is not surprising that she was the leader in Poona of an agitation for compulsory Primary Education of girls.

She anticipated members of Council who to-day are introducing bills regarding a widow's title, or the lack of it, to her husband's property, by organizing lectures and debates in order to educate public opinion. Her demand was that the law be altered to suit present-day conditions. Before she could accomplish much, however, she was called to a higher sphere of labour. It is good to feel that, whatever the future may hold of opportunity and freedom for women, Ramabai Ranade and other great pioneers have done their bit in preparing the way for them.

But one of her outstanding characteristics was her inability to see that there was anything extraordinary in her undertakings. Someone said to her one day: "Dear Mrs. Ranade, how wonderful it is that you should be able to do so much and such great things for God!" "Oh no!" she exclaimed quickly, "there is nothing wonderful in what I am doing. I was fortunate in being the instrument that happened to be lying nearest God's hand, and so He picked me up and used me!" "There lies the secret," answered her friend. "It is because you lie so near His hand that He uses you." She looked thoughtful, and a quiet peace stole into her face. Would that many instruments, polished and ready for use, might lie where

the Great Master might find them, when He needed them for His work!

For some days she had been ill, in agony—but oh! so brave, so uncomplaining, so calm, even to the very end, thinking of others rather than of herself. It was not, however, till the western Sun had dipped behind the ghats, and the sudden darkness of the oriental night had settled down upon the crowded city, that her soul took its flight to God.

The news of her passing soon spread through the city, and they came, one and all—men, women, and children—an endless procession to file in silent reverence past her who had been a mother to her people—Ramabai, the friend, the enthusiast, the worker! She had spent her years in the uplifting of her people. She had blazed the trail for them in a practically trackless wild! Who, who would follow her? Thank God, there are many many noble women, from her own dearly loved Seva Sadan, who have taken up the torch her dying hands had dropped, who are now carrying on the glorious work she started; and who are adding to their ranks, every day, devoted, well-equipped, enthusiastic workers, whose one object in life is to strive for the up-lift and betterment of suffering humanity.

All honour to these daughters of India, who with so little help, after such age-long opposition, have risen, as soon as they were given the chance of casting off the enslaving shackles of custom, to such heights of self-sacrifice and service.' God bless them, one and all, and may they ever cherish the God-inspired ideals of the wonderful woman who made it possible for them to rise thus.

—Miss S. Sorabji.

NOTES

I

TO BLOSSOMS

(Page No. 9)

[I] Word-Study :

Pledge—a guarantee, security, promise [to give a pledge or guarantee].

Blush—a reddening of the cheeks as from modesty, shame or confusion.

Merely—[*adv.*] simply.

Worth—Deserving or meriting; *also* moral or personal excellence ; equal in value to ; the value.

Glide—[*v.i.*] to move smoothly and silently.

Grave—[*n.*] an excavation in the earth as a place of burial ; hence death.

Blossoms—flowers ; *also* in *sing.* period of flowering.
v.i. to flower ; bloom.

[II] Answer the following questions:—

- [1] “Why do ye fall so fast ? ”—Why does the poet put this question to the blossoms ?
- [2] Explain : ‘Fair pledges of a fruitful tree.’ Is the word ‘pledges’ usefully used ?
- [3] What does the poet ask the blossoms to do in the first stanza ? Is the word ‘blush’ appropriately used ? What does the word ‘blush’ suggest to you about blossoms ?
- [4] “To bid good night”—when do we bid good night ? How do the blossoms bid good night ?
- [5] Why did Nature, according to the poet, bring forth the blossoms ? Do you agree with the poet’s opinion ?

[III] Study the following carefully :—

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree—blossoms give promise that the tree will soon bear fruits ;

Your date is not so past—there is no point in falling away so fast, withering away so quickly as they are in the prime of youth ;

To blush and gently smile—suggests the delicacy of the blossoms, a sort of maidenly quality ;
An hour or half's delight—because the blossoms wither soon, an hour or half suggests the short duration of their life ;
Merely to show your worth—we are delighted to see the blossoms but Nature simply wishes to make us see their excellence.

II

MORNING

(Page No. 10)

[I] Word-Study :

Startle—to frighten suddenly and usually not seriously.

Stack—a large pile of hay *colloq.* a large quantity.

Struts—to walk with an affectedly proud gait.

Liveries—[*pl.*] dress worn by the servants of a person of wealth and fashion.

Dight—coloured.

Battlements—a parapet on top of ancient fortified buildings.

[II] Detailed-Study :

The lines are from L'Allegro ; we get here a description of the morning in very simple words. Lines 1-4 describe the flight of the lark in the morning ; *dappled dawn*—refers to the sky in the morning ; *Stoutly* before, the poet gives us the description of a cock that struts before his dames ; *where the great sun begins his state*, this and the next are the two glorious lines which are Miltonic ; the grandeur of sunrise is aptly described ; *while the ploughman* *dale*, the people are happy—the ploughman, the milkmaid, the mower and the shepherd—because it is morning now. *Tales his tale*—counts the number of sheep in his flock ; *Russet lawns* *stray*, the poet is also attracted by the sights and the sounds which he finds in the morning ; this is a beautiful picture, *esp.* of 'the nibbling flocks' that stray on 'russet lawns and fallows grey'. *Mountains* *do often rest*—mountains are usually

barren but at times the tops are covered with clouds ;
meadows trees—the poet sees the meadows and
 also daisies, brooks and rivers [mark the adjectives
shallow for brooks and *wide* for rivers] and the battle-
 ments which are sighted through the trees.

III] Answer the following questions :

- [1] How does the lark startle the dull night ?
- [2] 'his watch-tower in the skies'—Explain.
- [3] Why does the poet use words 'lively din' for the cock ?
- [4] How is the 'slumbering morn' aroused ? By whom?
- [5] Explain : 'Robed in flames and amber light'.
- [6] What do the ploughman, the milkmaid, the mower and the shepherd do ? Are the expressions : *whistles o'er, singeth blithe, whets his scythe, tells his tale*, appropriately used ?
- [7] 'Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures'—which are those pleasures ?
- [8] Describe the sights and sounds in the morning in your locality.
- [9] Paraphrase the whole poem.

III

HORATIUS

(Page No. 12)

[I] Detailed-Study :

St. I.

Lars : Etruscan for King or Lord ;

Clusium : one of the twelve cities forming the Etruscan league ;

Nine Gods : Etruscan Gods who had the power of hurling thunderbolts ;

named a trysting day : fixed a day for meeting.

Sts. II, III.

The wan burghers sky : the citizens were able to see numerous villages that were set on fire by the invaders ;

the Fathers of the City : the Roman senators ;

Consul : chief magistrate ;

River-Gate : the city gate facing the Tiber opposite the Janiculum Hill.

Sts. IV, V.

The Captain of the Gate : Horatius was in charge of the River Gate ;

To every man Gods ? : note the noble words of Horatius. Death is inevitable, so a man should never shirk his duty towards his country and God ; these are patriotic sentiments.

I with play : he promises to keep the enemy occupied till they destroy the bridge.

Sts. VI, VII, VIII.

the dauntless three : Horatius, Spurius Lartius and Herminius ;

For Romans days of old : Romans have the reputation of being the brave soldiers and true sons of their mother land ;

harness : armour ;

Meanwhile a broad sea of gold : Macaulay was good at giving such concrete pictures ;

surges : waves.

Sts. IX, X.

And a great rose : the great Tuscan army laughs at the dauntless three ; different chiefs attempt to clear the way but they were slain.

Sts. XI, XII.

A wild and wrathful clamour rose : because the important leaders were slain by just three persons who had nothing to be proud of except their patriotism ;

Six spears' array : the whole army prefers to remain at a distance ;

Luna : a town in Etruria, of which Astur was the ruler ;
the Tuscans raised flow : in this combat between the Lord of Luna and Horatius, Horatius receives a mighty blow ; this gladdens the hearts of the army.

Sts. XIII, XIV.

Like a wild cat face : lines are powerful ; they give us a vivid idea of this deadly combat in which patriotism triumphs.

On the earth Three : the hearts of the beholders sink to see the corpses ; in the path of the invaders there were corpses on the earth and the three patriots guarding the road to the bridge ;

All shrank, like boys blood : mark the appropriateness of the comparison ;

to start a hare : so that they might have the fun of chasing and trying to capture it.

Sts. XV, XVI, XVII.

But those Back : mark the use of antithesis ;
come back fall : bridge begins to totter, so they were called back.

Saw brave Horatius more : others left but Horatius remained at his post.

Sts. XVIII, XIX, XX.

But with stream : read aloud the description of the wreck ;

Alone behind : Horatius continues to stand alone, facing the foes in front and the flood behind ;
false Sextus : the son of Taquinius who was guilty of treachery to his cousin ;

Oh, Tiber day : note their love for this river which is expressed in these lines ;

But friends and foes appear : another example of vivid description ;

even the ranks of Tuscany : even the enemy.

Sts. XXI, XXII.

Borne by the joyous crowd : the crowd was so much impressed by his valour that they carried him ; they give him land, two strong oxen and erect a permanent memorial to remember this great act of bravery.

[II] Answer the following questions :

[1] What did Lars Porsena do ?

- [2] Why did the Roman Fathers sit all night and day?
 - [3] Why does the Consul say that 'The bridge must straight go down'?
 - ✓ [4] Is the adjective 'brave' appropriate for Horatius? Why? Give in your own words a summary of his brave deeds.
 - [5] Why did the vanguard of the army raise a shout of laughter? What was their next experience?
 - [6] Describe the combat between Lord of Luna and Horatius.
 - [7] "All, shrank, like boys", why? Expand this idea.
 - [8] When did Lartius and Herminius dart back? What did Horatius do?
 - [9] Why does Horatius pray to 'Father Tiber'? Have you ever offered such a prayer? When?
 - [10] How did the men of Rome appreciate the bravery of Horatius? What would you have done?
- [III] Tell the story of the Invasion of Rome in your own words.
- [IV] Paraphrase the poem in such a way that the story may be read as a continuous narrative.
- [V] Read this poem aloud and learn it by heart.
- [VI] Mention similar incidents from tales of Indian Chivalry.

IV

MY COUNTRY

(Page No. 20)

[I] Detailed Study :

Sts. I, II.

Land pride : the poet gives reasons for 'of thee I sing',

I love hills : the poet loves the sights of his country ; *templed hills* is a beautiful expression.

Sts. III, IV.

Let prolong : the poet wishes that all people should join and sing together the song of freedom.

Long may king : we also pray that our freedom may be saved for us by God.

[II] **Answer the following questions :**

- [1] 'Of thee I sing.' Of whom does the poet sing?
- [2] Explain : 'Land of pilgrim's pride'.
- [3] Why does the poet say 'the land of the noble free'?
- [4] What different things and sights does the poet mention in the second stanza?
- [5] 'Sweet freedom's song'—Elaborate the idea.
- [6] Why does he pray to God?
- [7] Write an essay on 'My Country'.

V

PAST AND PRESENT

(Page No- 22)

[I] **Detailed Study :**

He day : As I had my last wink of sleep I was anxious to see the rising sun, and I was glad that the day was long because I never found it dull and monotonous.

But now away : In advanced age he is so afraid of the day's toil and worry that he wishes that he could cease to live with night.

Made of light : of bright colours.

Laburnum : a flowering tree yielding beautiful yellow or purple flowers.

The yet Alas my brother is no more : The loss is the work of age.

And thought wing : I felt as free and happy as a swallow.

Flew in feathers : My mind that is so heavy with grief was then buoyant and cheerful—It was as light as a feather.

And summer brow : the worries of the world have so heated my forehead that even the refreshing water of the summer pool cannot cool it.

It boy. Note the double meaning [1] Physically the tree tops are to my mature thinking infinitely below the heavens and [2] morally I am

farther off from heaven now than I was when I was an innocent child. The simple credulity of youth which made me believe that heaven was near me has been replaced by the cold conviction of age that it is really at an infinite distance.

[II] Answer the following questions :

- [1] 'I remember, I remember' ; what does the poet remember ?
- [2] Why does the poet wish that "night had borne my breath away ?"
- [3] Explain the significance of : 'The tree is living yet!'
- [4] 'My spirit flew in feathers then'—when ?
- [5] What does the poet say in the last stanza ?

[III] Learn this poem by heart.

VI

HOHENLINDEN

(Page No. 24)

[I] Word-Study :

Hohenlinden—Literally it means "high lime trees".

Iser—a river in Austria.

Blade—a sword *also* a swordsman.

Charger—a war horse.

Revelry—[*n.*] from to revel, to be noisily gay : excitement of battle.

Artillery—Ordnance ; branch of the army handling heavy guns.

Chivalry—a body of knights *also* practices of knight-hood.

Sepulchre—a tomb ; burial vault.

[II] Detailed-Study :

Was low : was going to set.

Fires of death : guns.

And artillery : the red light of the guns was brighter than lightening and their roar louder than that of thunder.

Stained snow : marked with the blood of the wounded and the slain.

Frank and Fiery Hun : The French under Napoleon and the Austrians under Archduke John.

Sulphurous Canopy : covering of smoke caused by gun powder.

Few meet : In a major battle where a large army is engaged only a small number survives.

Winding sheet : shroud ; coffin cloth.

[III] Answer the following questions :—

- [1] When did the armies meet at Hohenlinden ?
- [2] What sight did Linden see at dead of night ?
- [3] Describe the battle [Stanzas 2-3].
- [4] Explain : Stained snow ; sulphurous canopy ; a soldier's sepulchre.
- [5] Explain the significance of the line : 'Few, few shall part, where many meet !'
- [6] Mention the figures of speech in "Wave Munich, all thy banners wave, And charge with all they chivalry" !
- [7] Learn this poem by heart.

VII

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

(Page No. 26)

[I] Word-Study :

Storm—[*v.t.*] to take a fort or town by sudden attack.

Ratisbon—German town on the Danube.

Prone—[*adj.*] usually means lying flat on the ground; here, merely dropping.

Oppressive—[*adj.*] from [*v.*] oppress ; [*n.*] oppression.

Muse—to think deeply.

Compress—to squeeze together.

Vans—[*n.*] wings.

Eaglet—[*n.*] the young eagle.

[II] Detailed-Study :

On with its mind : the lines describe Napoleon's usual way of standing with his legs apart and his arms folded behind him.

A rider mound : Note the movement of the rider ; the words are suggestive of the movement.
A film breathes : Note the comparison.

[III] **Answer the following questions :—**

[a] **Explain :**

[1]As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

[2] His plans
 soared up again like fire

[3] as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 when her bruised eaglet breathes.

[b] What were the plans of Napoleon ? Why did the boy keep his lips compressed ? What news did the boy bring ? What was the effect of this news ? Why does the boy reply, 'I'm killed, sire' ?

[c] Give a pen-picture of Napoleon ?

[IV] Paraphrase the last stanza.

[V] Narrate the story so as to bring out the heroism of the boy.

VIII

THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE

(Page No. 28)

[I] **Word-Study :**

Playmate—friend.

Laurel—an evergreen shrub ; a crown of laurel leaves, hence fame.

Tinkle—a short thin note as of a bell, [v.] to make a tinkle.

Inhabit—to live in ; dwell in.

[II] **Detailed-Study :**

The Friend of Children : can be conveniently interpreted as the spirit of delight ;

Nobody alone : the playmate is unseen, he is not seen by anybody but the poet gives an assurance that he is everywhere.

Whene'er you are happy : the friend of children is ever present whenever they are happy and gay.

'Tis he head : the poet tells children that the spirit of delight is ever present whenever they are not able to look after themselves or their play-things.

[III] Answer the following questions :

- [1] Who is the Friend of Children? When does he come?
- [2] 'Playmate that never was seen'—what does the poet say about the playmate in the second stanza?
- [3] When does he choose to be present?
- [4] Where is he found? Explain : 'Whenever you are happy and cannot tell why :'
- [5] 'He loves to be little, he hates to be big'—why?
- [6] What does this friend do when the children go to bed?
- [7] How does he look after their playthings? why?
- [8] Have you got such an experience of an unseen playmate? Where?
- [9] Do you like this poem? Tell in your own words why you like this poem.

IX

INVOCATION

(Page No. 30)

[I] Word-Study :

Scoff—to mock, jeer.

Reproach—to rebuke.

Ditty—a short simple song.

Radiant—shining ; glowing.

Frost—frozen dew.

Flee--to run away ; to escape.

[II] Detailed-Study :

Stanzas I to IV.

Wherefore hast : why have you left me for so many days ?

Spirit false : because it avoids those who love and design it.

Thennot : Spirit of Delight remembers only those who do not need it.

As a lizarddismayed : the lizard is afraid of the shade of the trembling leaf because it thinks that a shade is a living thing.

Merry measure : rhymes expressive of mirth.

Thenpity : the spirit goes to merry persons.

Pitystay : when the spirit attracted by the merry rhymes visits the poet, it will feel pity for his grief and continue to stay with him.

Stanzas V to VIII.

Fresh earth : in Spring when the life of nature is renewed;

Formsfrost : the various shapes formed by frost settling on the ground.

Tranquilsolitude : loveliness which is calm.

Societygood : company of wise, good and peaceful people.

Not loveless : the Spirit of Delight loves these as much as the poet.

Thoughflee : because Love is not constant.

My heart thy home : come and dwell in me.

[III] Answer the following questions :—

- [1] What does the poet say to the Spirit of Delight ?
- [2] Why does the poet call the Spirit of Delight 'Spirit false' ?
- [3] What does the poet expect from the Spirit of Delight ?
- [4] 'Thou wilt stay'—when ?
- [5] What does the Spirit of Delight love ? Why does the poet wish to love all those things ?
- [6] What different things does the poet love ?
- [7] Explain : [1] 'I love Love'. [2] 'Make once more my heart thy home'.

X
FIDELE
(Page No. 32)

[I] **Word-Study :**

Furious—frantic ; vehement.

Frown—scowl *Ant.* smile.

Tyrant—an absolute ruler, a despot.

Sceptre—a staff borne by a sovereign as a mark of authority.

Slander—a report maliciously circulated to injure the reputation of a person.

Censure—hostile criticism *Ant.* comment.

[II] **Detailed-Study :**

Thouwages : Once a man has performed his duties with sincerity, there is no need for him to worry about the world and world's opinions ;

Golden ladsdust : these are the immortal lines which tell us an essential truth that man is mortal.

The sceptredust : the poet has stressed here his thought ; the king, the learned man and the physician are also subject to the same law of nature.

Fear no moredust : the thought is repeated, the poem is a beautiful example of Shakesperean song.

The reed is as the oak : all things, big and small are equally unimportant.

Consign to thee : seal the same contract with thee.

[III] **Answer the following questions :**

[1] Why does the poet advise us 'Fear no more the heat O' the sun' ? Do you agree with him ?

[2] 'Wordly task'—what do you understand by this ?

[3] Explain the last two lines of the Stanza I.

[4] Explain the force of the following phrases :—
the frown O' the great ; the tyrant's stroke ;
"the sceptre learning, physic," "Come to dust".

[5] How does the poet prove that both great and small come to dust ?

[6] Why does the poet say 'Fear not slander, censure rash'?

[7] What do we learn from this poem?

[IV] Learn this poem by heart.

XI

HAPPY INSENSIBILITY

(Page No. 33)

[I] **Word-Study :**

Felicity—bliss.

Thawing—melting ice.

Sleet—snow mixed with ice.

Fretting—From *to fret* to worry; to be vexed or irritated.

Bubblings—murmuring [the frozen water of winter].

Heal—cure.

[II] **Detailed-Study :**

Sts. I, II.

Drear-nighted : night full of cold and storms.

Green felicity : the happy time of luxuriant foliage, summer.

Undo them : destroy them.

Sleety them : the chill wind blowing through the leaves.

Summer look : bright rays in summer.

Crystal fretting : murmuring of clear water.

Apollo : the Sun God.

Petting : murmuring peevishly like a pet child.

St. III.

Writhed joy : did not feel sorry over.

Was never said : the subject of *Was* is 'To know the change and feel it.'

Said in rhyme : mentioned in poetry.

To know rhyme : to be conscious of the change from joy to sorrow, and yet not to feel sorry for it, is a subject no poet has ever treated. Nor has God endowed human beings with a faculty to fortify oneself against it.

[III] Answer the following questions:

- [1] Why does the poet call the tree 'too happy, happy tree'?
- [2] Why does the poet say that the brook never remembers 'Apollo's summer look'?
- [3] What difference does the poet find between the tree, the brook and many a boy and girl?
- [4] What do we learn from this poem?
- [5] Underline the lines which you like most.

XII

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

(Page No. 35)

[I] Word-Study :

Light Brigade—a brigade or a body of horsemen lightly armed.

Forward—the word of command.

Valley of death—this is an expression from the Bible, and it is used to show how they were going to almost certain death.

Volleyed—were all fired together.

Stormed at—fired at.

Cossack—a division of Russian army.

Shattered—completely broken.

Sundered—divided, scattered.

[II] Detailed-Study :

Half a league : the repetition of the phrase indicates the steady march of the Light Brigade up the valley.

Charge for the guns : to take guns.

He said : Lord Cardigan, the leader.

Wasdismayed? : a rhetorical question asked not for information but to produce effect. There was not a single soldier who shrank from his duty.

Someblundered : the soldiers knew that the order to charge was given by mistake, but it is not the business of a soldier to reply or to question. His only duty is to obey.

Cannon to the right : Mark the vivid effect which Tennyson produces on us when we read these lines aloud.

Jaws of Death, mouth of Hell : Study the use of personifications.

Flashedbare : the sabres flashed or glittered when they were drawn out of their sheaths.

All the world wondered : here British, French, Russians and Turks.

Right thro'broke : they rushed straight through the line of the Russian soldiers.

When canfade? : another rhetorical question.

[III] **Answer the following questions :**

- [1] Why did the six hundred ride into the valley of Death?
- [2] Explain : 'Was there a man dismay'd'?
- [3] Why did the soldiers march forward, though they knew some one had blundered?
- [4] 'Boldly they rode and well'—Justify the use of 'boldly and well.'
- [5] Describe the charge of the Light Brigade.
- [6] Give examples of : [a] Personification [b] Repetition [c] Metaphor.
- [7] Write an essay on : 'Discipline'.

XIII

THE SOLITARY REAPER

(Page No. 38)

[I] **Word-Study :**

Highland—[adj.] the Highlands is the name of the northern hilly part of Scotland.

Lass—[n.] girl ; [n.] **Lad**, boy.

Sfrain—[n.] in music, an air or tune.

Vale—[n.] valley.

Profound—[adj.] deep ; [n.] profundity.

Chaunt—[n.] another spelling of chant.

Hebrides—a group of islands off the north-west of Scotland.

Plaintive—[adj.] mournful.

Numbers—here means music—“groups of musical notes”.

Lay—Song or poem.

[II] **Detailed-Study :**

O Listen profound : the poet asks the passer-by to listen to the music of a solitary Highland girl ; the valley is flooded with the sweet music of that girl.

No Hebrides : Comparisons should be noted; girl's song is compared with the song of a nightingale in a desert, with the song of a cuckoo in spring time. The poet recalls the song of a cuckoo which is heard in the silence of the Hebrides islands.

For old ago : a poetic way of searching for the subject of the song ; may the song be about a battle lost and won or about some trivial but tender domestic affliction.

I listened more : the effect of the music on the poet's soul is described in these lines.

[III] **Paraphrase** the third and fourth stanzas of the poem.

[VI] Where did the poet hear the music of a Highland lass? Which different comparisons strike him? What do you think were the subjects of that song? What is the effect of music on the poet's heart? Do you like this poem? Say, why?

[V] **Explain :**

[1] I listened motionless and still ;
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

[2] Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far off things,
And battles long ago.

XIV
WISHING
 (Page No. 40)

[I] Word-Study :

Accumulate—to bring together so as to form a larger number.

Acorn—the nut, or fruit of the oak.

Scrap-book—a blank book in which cherished pictures or printed items, etc. are kept.

[II] Detailed-Study :

Each stanza answers a question that is asked in the first line.

Do you wish the world were better ? : if the world were to follow the path of righteousness, and if all individuals were to keep the purity of thought, action and speech, the world would certainly be better.

the scrap book of your heart : the poetess says that if the heart is pure and undefiled, if the man is to store the real wisdom in the heart, the world is bound to be wiser.

Live to learn and learn to live : people should learn the art of living which should be “live and let others live.”

Scatters seeds of kindness : whenever there is an opportunity, it is better to be kind to make the world happy.

[III] Answer the following questions :

- [1] ‘Set a watch upon your actions’—Why ?
- [2] Why should we rid our mind of selfish motives ?
- [3] ‘The scrap book of your heart’—expand the idea.
- [4] What do you understand by—‘Live to learn and learn to live’ ?
- [5] How can ‘the pleasures of the many may be traced to one’ ?
- [6] Summarise the poem in your own words.
- [7] What is the difference between this poem and the poems you have read so far ?

XV

ALL THINGS SHALL PASS AWAY

(Page No. 41)

[I] Word-Study :

Motto—a word or phrase written or engraved on something to indicate its character or use ; a maxim.

Counsel—advice.

Solemn—serious, grave, earnest.

Palsy—paralysis.

[II] Detailed-Study :

Gave him counsel at a glance : the king's ring tells him the universal truth.

Even this shall pass away : note the lines in Shakespeare's 'Golden lads' etc.

Trainsthese [St. II, lines 1-4] : describes the wealth of the king.

wealthaway : but the king concludes that wealth is not permanent, not even his own.

He amid his figs and wine : he tells his friends that pleasures like wealth come but do not stay.

And what is fameaway : the lines can be compared with the lines in Shelley's Ozymandias ; another poet has said, 'fame is the food that dead man eats' ; in the last stanza, the king answers the problem : *what is death?* : read the striking answer which is conveyed beautifully [Fell a sun-beam on the ring].

[III] Answer the following questions :

- [1] What did the king engrave on his ring ? what did he gain thereby ?
- [2] Describe the wealth of the king. What does he think about his wealth ?
- [3] " 'mid the revels of his court"—what does he say here ? What do you think about his friends ?
- [4] What does the king think about fame ? Do you like this ideal ? Say, why ?

- [5] Who tells him and why—"even death shall pass away"?

XVI

LOTUS

(Page No. 43)

[I] Word-Study :

Flora—The Roman goddess of flowers.

Juno—wife of Jupiter : the chief Goddess and Queen of the Heavens in Classical mythology.

Mien—appearance.

Psyche—the soul, wife of Cupid, the God of Love.

[II] Detailed-Study :

Lovehonour : the poetess opens this lovely poem with a discussion between Love and Flora ; the controversy is about the position in the world of flowers.

Juno Mien : having a queenly appearance—dignified bearing of Juno.

[III] Answer the following questions :

- [1] Tell the story of the creation of the lotus.
- [2] Which flowers contested for the high honour of being the queen of flowers ? Why ?
- [3] How does the lotus combine the best of each ?
- [4] Who was likely to dispute the claims of the rose ?
- [5] Are the following phrases appropriately used ?
Juno Mien ; bards of power ; delicious as the rose ; the queenliest flower that blows.—Say, why ?
- [6] Re-write this poem in the form of dialogue.

XVII

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

(Page No. 44)

[I] Detailed-Study :

The old familiar faces : the companions of his childhood.
Carousing : drinking.

Cronies : intimate friends.

I must not see her : because she is married to another.

A friend : the poet Coleridge. His new associate Lloyd who seems for a time at least to have taken Coleridge's place.

Friend of my bosom : Born in my father's dwelling—there is a note of regret that his friends could not fill a brother's place in his family.

Taken from me : Manning came out to India.

[II] **Answer the following questions :**

- ✓ [1] What has happened to the poet's friends and playmates ?
- [2] Where have they gone ?
- [3] What does the poet say about his love ?
- ✓ [4] What does the poet say about his friend ?
- [5] Why does he pace round like a ghost ?
- [6] What does he say about 'the friend of my bosom' ?
- [7] Make a note of the autobiographical element in this poem.

XVIII

TARTARY

(Page No. 46)

(I) **Word-Study :**

Flaunt—to move proudly, (displaying their plumage).

Slant—move in the pond in a sloping direction.

Fins—fins are to fishes what wings are to birds.

Athwart—Across.

Bray—used for the cry of an ass, here for trumpets.

Wane—decrease in size as in the case of moon.

Dan—to put on.

Scimitar—sword.

Glade—an open space or passage in a wood.

(II) **Detailed-Study :**

And in my court slant : the verbs flaunt, haunt and slant are suggestive. Like other poems of Walter De La Mare, this poem gives us word-

pictures and vivid descriptions. Study carefully the last stanza, *esp.* : rivers *silver pale* ; *flashing stars*, *scented breeze*, *trembling lakes*.

Yellow as honey *wine* : notice the simile.

In every purple vale : looking purple in the sunset glow.

(III) Answer the following questions :

- (1) 'If I were Lord of Tartary'—what different things suggest the splendour of wealth of this Lord ?
- (2) Explain : 'In my court should peacocks flaunt'.
- (3) 'The evening lamps would shine, yellow as honey, red as wine'—Elaborate the simile.
- (4) There are words and phrases which suggest rich colours. Make a list of such words.
- (5) Mark those line which give you some happy word-pictures.
- (6) "Zebras seven should draw my car"—What do you think of this car ? Would you like a ride in this car ?

XIX

JAFFAR

XX

TUKARAM

(Page No. 51)

(I) Detailed-Study :

Tukaram : is the popular poet of the Maharashtra, and his songs are loved and chanted by the people who speak Marathi language. He was the spiritual adviser of Shivaji the Great. The story is told that Tukaram declined to be his adviser and suggested that Ramdas was the proper person.

With God *low* : in the eyes of God all men are equal.

The one—fear : One who is sincere will be able to go near to God.

I wondered—His name ? (6-12) : Mark the poet's doubt.

God looks upon heart : these lines give the solution of the doubt.

(II) Answer the following questions :

- (1) What has Tukaram said ? Express his thought in your own words.
- (2) What is the doubt of the poet ? Do you doubt like this some time ?

XXI

DESERTED VILLAGE

XXII

THE CALL TO EVENING PRAYER

(Page No. 54)

(I) Word-Study :

Muezzin—person who calls Muslims for prayer.

Orison—prayer.

Vesper—evening prayer.

Obeisance—a bow, as to show respect.

(II) Detailed-Study :

Allah ho Akbar : God is great ;

From mosque calling : note the use of alliteration, also in line 3.

Ave Maria : Hail Mary—the opening words of the Latin hymn to Virgin Mary.

Ahura Mazda : the good principle in Persian theology.

Avesta : the sacred literature of Parsis composed by Zarthustra and his followers.

Flame : Parsis regard fire as the symbol of the divine.

Narayana : name by which God is called by Hindus.

(III) Answer the following questions :—

- (1) Whom do the muezzins call ? When ?
- (2) Explain the significance of *Allah ho Akbar* : *Ave Maria* : *Ahura Mazda* : *Narayana*.

- (3) Why has the poetess used different cries in different stanzas? What does she want to tell us?
- (4) When do the priests sing: "Ave Maria"?
- (5) Explain:
- Ye, who to flame and the light make obeisance,
Bend low where the quenchless blue torches are glowing.
- (6) Why has the poetess used the adjective "ageless" in the last stanza?
- [7] Give pen-pictures of the devotees in the mosques, the churches, the Fire-temples and the Hindu-temples.

XXIII

JANA GANA MANA

(Page No. 56)

[I] Detailed-Study :

Thou Dispenser of India's destiny : this is a translation of **He' Bharat Bhagya Vidhata**, such expressions lose much of their original beauty in translation. *Offerings are love* : Rabindranath always conjured up a synthesis of the cultures ; *the road rugged with rises and falls of Nations* : the march of civilizations is on the rugged roads ; the words are fittingly used—study the expressions—to *hearten those that despair and drop, their paths of peril and pilgrimage* ; *the dark evil dreams, the dreams of a person in bondage* ; the last stanza reminds one of Shelley's famous lines.

"The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn" [Hellas]

[II] Answer the following questions :—

- [1] 'They pray'—who are included in 'they'? Do you like these sentiments? Why?
- [2] Which are the different communities mentioned in the second stanza? Who unites them?

- [3] Who brings all hearts of all peoples into the harmony of one life?
- [4] 'Thou drivest man's history along the road rugged with rises and falls of Nations': Explain.
- [5] Who rescued the Mother from the dark evil dreams?
- [6] Write a paragraph beginning with 'India Wakes up'.
- [7] Have you read the original of this poem? Please read it.

PROSE SECTION

I

GANDHIJI AND PUNCTUALITY

(Page No. 59)

- (I) **Answer the following questions :—**
- (1) Where did Gandhiji dodge an unruly crowd?
 - (2) Why does Mr. Ramchandran say, "crowds have been the curse of Gandhiji's life"?
 - (3) Why did the crowd stop his car?
 - (4) What did Dr. Rajan do? What fate did he meet with?
 - (5) Why was the mob infuriated?
 - (6) Who was the inseparable companion of Gandhiji?
 - (7) What do we learn from this story?
- (II) **Explain :—**
- (1) They follow some remorseless law of motion, of gravitation towards him, the moment they catch sight of him.
 - (2) Dr. Rajan got into a lively argument with the crowd.
 - (3) He soon managed to get clear of the crowd.
 - (4) Punctuality with him ranks high among the virtues.
- (III) **Use the following phrases in your own sentences:--**
 To keep an engagement; To make good one's escape; To trample one to death; A stone's throw away; To get into a lively argument with; To slip out of; Tight corner; Words of apology.

- (IV) Tell this story in your own words and re-write it with the following as its title :—

A day at Chidambaram.

- (V) **Expand :**

Punctuality ranks high among the virtues.

- (VI) **Write an essay on :** Punctuality.

II

THE HEROIC QUEEN OF BIJAPUR—PART I.

(Page No. 62)

- (I) **Answer the following questions :—**

- (1) Why did Chand Bibi draw a sigh of pleasure ?
- (2) Justify : "She was as skilled in the arts of war, as she was versed in those of peace."
- (3) How did that peaceful hour end ?
- (4) Why did the envoy crave immediate audience of the queen dowager ?
- (5) What did Abbas Khan report ?
- (6) Why was the envoy overjoyed ?
- (7) Why was the Governor of the fort put to death ?
- (8) How did Prince Murad come to realise that in Chand Bibi he had met more than a match ?
- (9) Why did no aid come from Bijapur ?

- (II) **Explain :—**

- (1)for hers had hitherto been a hard and exacting life and it was sweet to rest.
- (2) To the queen ! This business permits no delay.
- (3) Prince Murad awaits his chance to pounce upon the hapless fort like some bird of prey.
- (4) If Ahmednagar has need of me, to Ahmednagar I will go.
- (5) As fast as they mined the approaches she counter-mined.
- (6) No post was too dangerous for her, and her veil fluttered from the most exposed ramparts.

- (III)(a) Give in your own words a pen-picture of Chand Bibi in her palace.
 (b) Discuss the title of this lesson.
- (IV) Use the following phrases in your own sentences :
 To ply a needle ; To wield a sword ; To crave immediate audience of ; To champion the cause of ; To listen with keen attention ; To defend the rights of ; To put up a staunch defence.
- (V) Write five sentences on any one of the following characters :—
 (1) Abbas Khan (2) Zora (3) Prince Murad.

(VI) Analyse :—

It was common knowledge that no cavalry leader could rival her in horsemanship, no minstrel play or sing more sweetly, no wily minister outwit her in diplomacy, no *maulvi* expound the learned books more clearly, and yet there she sat, a woman of delicate build, whose soft beauty was not marred by one stern or wilful lore.

III

THE HEROIC QUEEN OF BIJAPUR—PART II

(Page No. 70)

- (I) Answer the following questions :—
 (1) What did the loud voice tell Chand Bibi ?
 (2) What did she decide ?
 (3) Why did the soldiers say, "We will die but we will not desert you." ?
 (4) When was the attacking force nonplussed ?
 (5) When did a feeling of true admiration rise in the heart of Prince Murad ?
 (6) When did Prince Murad send a messenger ?
 (7) Why does the author say, "No sign of personal gratification appeared in her manner." ?
- (II) Justify the author's remark :
 "By her qualities of courage, truth and honour she achieved one of its most Golden Deeds."

(III) Explain :

- (1) Great was the humiliation in Mogul camp that night, heavy the mood of the prince who had urged his faithful troops to destruction.
 - (2) I thank the Lord on Whom I depended and Who gave strength to your arms to gain victory.
- (IV) Tell the story of Siege of Ahmednagar in your own words.
- (V) What is a Golden Deed? How did Chand Bibi achieve one of the most Golden Deeds of India?

IV**MY GRANDMOTHER****(Page No. 76)****(I) Answer the following questions :—**

- (1) Why does the author call grandmother a benevolent despot?
- (2) How does the grandmother work from sunrise to sunset?
- (3) What is the attitude of the grandmother towards the new?
- (4) Why does the author say, "My grandmother is ancient and holy as the cedars of Lebanon."?
- (5) Why do the members of the family wish to resist her supremacy?
- (6) What does the author say about the Hindu family?

(II) Explain :

- (1) She is the patron of orthodoxy and red rag of the social reformer.
- (2) My grandmother is the family queen to her last pulse beat.
- (3) The Hindu family is even as a cluster of bananas, never less than a dozen in number.

(III) Expand :

- (1) The Hindu family is the paradise of poor relations.
- (2) Age has made her but more agile.

(IV) Write an essay of about twenty-five lines on :

My Grandmother. Your essay should be your own.

(V) Write a dialogue between

- (a) Grandmother and the lady from the neighbourhood about the daughter-in-law.
- (b) Grandmother and her son about the grandson.

V**THE MORAL NEED OF WORK**

(Page No. 81)

(I) Answer the following questions :—

- (1) Why should a man work ?
- (2) What do you understand by the word “manual labour” ?
- (3) How is the character built up ?
- (4) Why does the author say that work is a law of life ?
- (5) Why does the author say that there is a moral need of work ?
- (6) How did the people of Roman Empire lose their splendid Empire ? What do we learn from this ?

(II) Explain :—

- (1) It is the law of life that we must work to eat.
- (2) There is the sweat of the brain as well as of the brow.
- (3) Nothing can avert the inevitable degradation which follows idleness.
- (4) Objectless, effortless life is a poor thing.

(III) Write a dialogue between Socrates and a modern Student about the moral need of work.

- (IV) Write a letter to your sister explaining to her the ideas of this lesson.
- (V) Summarise this lesson in your exercise-book.

VI

OMENS

(Page No. 85)

(I) Answer the following questions :—

- (1) Why did the author find the family of his old acquaintance dejected?
- (2) Why does the lady object to Thursday? What do you think about her superstitions?
- (3) What does the author think about the evils that attend the superstitious follies of mankind?
- (4) List some of the superstitions which are mentioned by the author.
- (5) What is the best defence against omens?

(II) Explain :—

- (1) For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.
- (2) He will either avert them or turn them to my advantage.

(III) This lesson can be divided into three parts :—

- (1) ideas of a superstitious lady, (2) the author's meditation, (3) the author's ideas about prevalent omens.

Can you write an essay on the same lines? Please do it.

- IV) Compare the methods of essay-writing, especially of Venkatramani and Joseph Addison. This is, of course, difficult. But why not attempt it?

VII

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

(Page No. 89)

(I) Answer the following questions :—

- (1) What does the author say about the two fair daughters of Baptista ?
- (2) Why did Petruchio agree to the suggestion of his friends ?
- (3) How was Petruchio received by Kate ?
- (4) Describe Petruchio's wedding.
- (5) What different steps were taken by Petruchio to tame his wife ?
- (6) When does Petruchio say, "I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound, but twenty times as much upon my wife." ?

(II) Write a story on : How Petruchio won his wager.**(III) Explain :—**

- (1) It shall be sun or moon, or whatever I choose or I won't take you to your father's.
- (2) It means peace, and love and quiet life.

(IV) Tell the story of Petruchio's courtship.**(V) Turn into indirect :**

"Sir, my mistress is busy and she cannot come."

"There's an answer for you," said Petruchio.

"You may think yourself fortunate if your wife does not send you a worse."

"I hope, better," Petruchio answered.

Then Horentsio said,— "Go and entreat my wife to come to me at once."

(VI) Do you like this story ? Say, why ?

VIII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Page No. 97)

(I) Study the following sentences carefully and give your own opinion about the status of Negroes :—

- (1) A very bad thing to be slave in South.
- (2) You servant, but you free body.
- (3) Yes. Not born true. I was beaten when I a little Nigger.
- (4) Black, black. White, white.

(II) Give character-sketches of :

- (1) Abraham Lincoln (2) Douglass (3) Susan.

(III) What do you like most in the character of Abraham Lincoln ?

(IV) Why does Susan say, "He's a real White man" and Douglass say, "He talk to me as if black—no difference." ?

IX

ASHOKA

(Page No. 104)

(I) Answer the following questions :—

- (1) Why did Ashoka undertake the conquest of Kalinga ?
- (2) Why was Ashoka stricken with remorse ?
- (3) Why did he refrain from further aggression ?
- (4) What do we learn from his edicts ?
- (5) Where did he send his ambassadors ?
- (6) Do you agree with the opinion of Mr. H. G. Wells ?

(II) Explain :

- (1) The whole of India acknowledged his sway, except for the southern tip, and that tip was his for the taking.
- (2) He was no passive spectator of events, lost in contemplation and self-improvement.
- (3) Everywhere an appeal was made to the mind and the heart ; there was no force of compulsion.
- (4) He showed respect and consideration for all other faiths.

- (III) Write three paragraphs on the achievements of King Ashoka.
- (4) Why does H. G. Wells say : "From Volga to Japan his name is still honoured."?
- (5) You have now read two lessons written by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Why not now go to your school-library and read some of his books, at least, "Letters of a Father to his Daughter" or "Discovery of India" ?

X—XI

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL. PARTS I & II

Part I

(Page No. 108)

(I) **Learn :**

The sexton : the officer who takes care of the church building.

Supped : taken supper.

Offices : duties.

Lattice : a kind of window made of coarse strips of wood crossing each other.

Came in hats : wearing hats.

Part II

(Page No. 112)

Conning over : studying.

Autograph : a name written by a person himself.

to make grimaces : to twist face into amusing shapes.

musty books : old and uninteresting.

It's all along of you : (colloquial) Because of you.

Chafing : gently rubbing.

(II) Describe a village schoolmaster.

(III) Where would you like to be—in a country school or a town school? Explain your answer.

(IV) Compare your school with the village school that Dickens describes.

- (V) Tell the story of the death of the little scholar as Little Nell might have told it.
- (VI) Do you like to read the story of the death of a little boy or girl? Say frankly all that you think about this lesson.
- (VII) Why do parents in India object to send their children to school? Is it reasonable?

XII

LUCY

(Page No. 120)

(I) **Answer the following questions :—**

- (1) Are the adjectives 'faithful and favourite' appropriate for Lucy? Say, why?
- (2) Why were the people sorry when Lucy married?
- (3) Why does the author say, 'Lucy's praise is a most fertile theme'?
- (4) Enumerate some of the defects of Lucy.
- (5) What do you think about Lucy's love affairs?
- (6) Why did Lucy remain loverless for three months?
- (7) With whom did she marry?

(II) **Explain :—**

- (1) She could have furnished a weekly paper from her own stores of facts, without once resorting for assistance to the courts of law or the two houses of parliament.
- (2) He is fond of her, nevertheless, in his own cold, slow way.
- (3) But the beauty of the place is independent even of its noble associations.

(III) **Expand :**

- (1) She was incomparable gossip.
- (2) Her spouse is the greatest possible contrast to herself.

- (IV) Give in your own words a character-sketch of Lucy.
- (V) You must have come across a servant like Lucy. Have you ? Give a pen-picture of your servant.
- (VI) Describe the home of Lucy in your own words.

XIII

THE LOST CHILD

(Page No. 126)

- (I) Answer the following questions :—
 - (1) How did the people go to the fair ?
 - (2) What was the unfulfilled desire of the child ?
 - (3) What did the child do in the field ?
 - (4) Why did the child stare at the shop of the sweetmeat seller ?
 - (5) Why does the child always move on ?
 - (6) What do you think about the parents of this child ?
- (II) Describe a shop of a sweetmeat seller.
- (III) Describe a fair which you may have attended.
- (IV) Use the following guide words and phrases so as to complete the story :—

The festival of spring—‘I want that toy’—‘come, child, come’—Gulab-Jaman, Rasgula, Burfi—he was greedy—he walked on further—there was no reply—‘I want my mother, I want my father’—only sobbed.
- (V) Describe the feelings of the child when he finds that father and mother were not with him.
- (VI) Is the adjective ‘Lost’ appropriately used in the title ? Say, why ? Who is ‘lost’ ? If the child is lost, how
- (VII) Would you love to read this story again ? What do you like most in this story ?

XIV**ON A BROOMSTICK**

(Page No. 134)

(I) Answer the following questions :—

- (1) Where was the broomstick born ?
- (2) Who was the person that first purchased this broomstick ?
- (3) 'I wore myself one in the service of humanity.' How ?
- (4) Why was the broomstick tied to a bamboo ?
- (5) How did the end come ?

(II) Write an essay on :—

Autobiography of a Blackboard.

(III) What do you like most in this lesson ?

Can you imagine any other insignificant object whose autobiography should be attempted ? Name them.

XV**THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY**

(Page No. 137)

(I) Answer the following questions :—

- (1) Why did the chiefs decide to act on the offensive ?
- (2) Why was Rosen furious ? What did he decide ?
- (3) Why were the people of Londonderry ready to suffer ? What do you think about them ?
- (4) Where were the English ships ? Why was there a stir in the Irish camp ?
- (5) What do you think about the victors ? What does the author say about the siege of Londonderry ? Do you agree with him ?

(II) Describe the condition of the people within the walls of Londonderry.**(III) Use the following in your own sentences :—**

To act on the offensive ; To stand one's ground resolutely ; to be baffled by ; to hold out ; In-

defatigable activity ; a cargo of provisions ; the shout of triumph ; the unutterable anguish ; the annals of the British Isles.

(IV) Analyse :—

It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations ; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilization, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution.

(V) Explain :—

- (1) Then his fury rose to a strange pitch.
- (2) Londonderry held out as resolutely as ever.
- (3) First the horses and hides ; and then the prisoners ; and then each other.
- (4) They looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes.

(VI) There are several complex sentences in this lesson. Mark one or two. Analyse them. Compare the style of this author with that of the author of *Omens*. What difference do you find between them ?

XVI

THE PASS OF THERMOPYLAE—PARTS I & II

(Page No. 142)

- (I)**
- (1) Why did the Great King marshal his forces ?
 - (2) Describe the empire of the Great King.
 - (3) Explain :
 - (a) It was a war not only on the men but on their gods.
 - (b)so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.
 - (c)with the shield or on it.
 - (4) Why did they consider Thermopylæ an excellent place to defend ?
 - (5) What did Leonidas think about this adventure ? What was the prophecy given at the Temple at Delphi ?

(6) Why does the author say, "Persian army was covering the whole country like locusts."?

(II) Make your own sentences using the following:—
muster place; to be at war with; kept out of; funeral rites; at daybreak; to force one's way.

(III) Translate the passage beginning from :
The Greeksto defend their homes and children.

(IV) Does this story suggest any parallel?
Have you read the story of Horatius?
Compare situations of Leonidas and Horatius.

(V) Give an idea of the difficulties of Leonidas. How did he overcome them? What do you think about him?

XVII

THE PASS OF THERMOPYLAE—PART II

(Page No. 149)

(I) Answer the following questions:—

- (1) What did Megistias, the seer, declare?
- (2) What did Leonidas recommend? Why?
- (3) Explain: "To-night, we shall sup with Pluto."
- (4) Why did Leonidas decide to make a great slaughter?
- (5) "There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows." *Expand.*
- (6) How did the Greeks honour the brave warriors?
How did they honour Leonidas?

(II) Translate the passage beginning from:—

Two thousand three yearsthan a victory.

(III) Analyse:

Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory!

- (IV) Tell the story of Leonidas in your own words.
- (V) Write an essay on: "A Golden Deed".
- (VI) Compare the bravery of Leonidas with that of Chand Bibi.
- (VII) Give brief character-sketches of :—
- (1) Chand Bibi.
 - (2) Horatius.
 - (3) Leonidas.

XVIII

ON EARLY RISING

(Page No. 153)

(I) Answer the following questions :—

- (1) What does the author say about himself in the first paragraph?
- (2) Why does the author say: "I was born with a genius for lying in bed."?
- (3) Why does he get up late?
- (4) How does he defend his habit?
- (5) What do we lose if we do not get up early?
- (6) 'It is my duty to lie in bed o' mornings!'—Why?

(II) Explain :—

- (1) Early pipe of half-awakened birds.
- (2) I am physically a sluggard.
- (3) For the ignoble family of sluggards is numerous.
- (4) We do not catch the early worm.
- (5) I burn the midnight oil.

(III) Discuss the opinion of Dr. Johnson :—

"Nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good."
Do you agree with him? Why?

(IV) Write an essay on: Early Rising.

XIX

THE GOLDEN TEMPLE

(Page No. 156)

(I) Answer the following questions :—

- (1) Where is the Golden Temple ?
- (2) Explain : Granth : Gurumukhi Script.
- (3) Describe the act of initiation.
- (4) Who was Guru Nanak ? What did he teach to his disciples ?
- (5) Have you seen a Sikh ? Where ? Describe a Sikh.

(II) Write five paragraphs on any Temple which you may have seen.

XX

SHRIMATI RAMABAI RANADE

(Page No. 159)

(I) Learn :

Culinary : cooking.**Put his foot down on** : Firmly put an end to.**Ramabai's horizon** : Future prospects.**For all and sundry** : people of all sorts.**Have done their bit** : have done their share of the work.**To fill in silent reverence** : Proceed one by one.**Blazed the trail** : Prepared the way.

(II) Answer the following questions :—

- (1) Why are the Indian people unwilling to educate their women ?
- (2) What were the qualities that gave Mrs. Ranade her power ?
- (3) What do we understand by Social Service ?
- (4) Describe Seva Sadan.
- (5) What do you think about Justice Ranade ?

(III) What do we learn from this lesson ?